



GOLD  
KEY

CAVE KIDS

GE

STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# CAVE Kids

10044-409  
SEPTEMBER



# CAVE KIDS

2

BEWARE  
OF DOG

UG  
MAGAZINE

HUMPH! WHO'S AFRAID  
OF A LITTLE CRITTER  
LIKE HIM!

WHUPS!





Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

## MIND MEDDLERS

MMM...I'D SURE  
LIKE TO SINK MY  
TEETH INTO  
THAT APPLE!

YUMMY!  
THOSE PEARS  
LOOK DELISH!

HMM...

SO YOU'D LIKE TO EAT  
SOME OF THE FRUIT IN  
MY GARDEN, EH?

HUH?! Y-YOU  
READ OUR  
MINDS!

YES, BUT DON'T BE ALARMED!  
YOU MAY COME INTO MY  
GARDEN AND EAT ALL YOU WANT!  
HEH, HEH!

OH, BOY!

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THERE'S JUST **ONE** RESTRICTION...

DON'T EAT ANY FRUIT FROM **THE-TREE-OF-THE-KNOWLEDGE-OF-MEN'S-MINDS** WHICH IS IN THE MIDST OF THE GARDEN, OR YOU'LL BE SORRY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR!

AND ALL GOES WELL FOR A SPELL, UNTIL...

SAY, THIS IS THE TABOO TREE!

HUMPH! I CAN'T SEE **WHY** WE'D BE SORRY IF WE ATE FROM IT!

NO MUNCHIN'!

THE TREE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF MEN'S MINDS.

IN FACT, I IMAGINE WE'LL BE ABLE TO READ MEN'S MINDS IF WE EAT FROM IT!

JUST LIKE THE **OWNER** OF THIS GARDEN!

OH, BOY! LET ME AT IT!

DON'T PUSH!

IT DOESN'T **TASTE** SO SPECIAL!

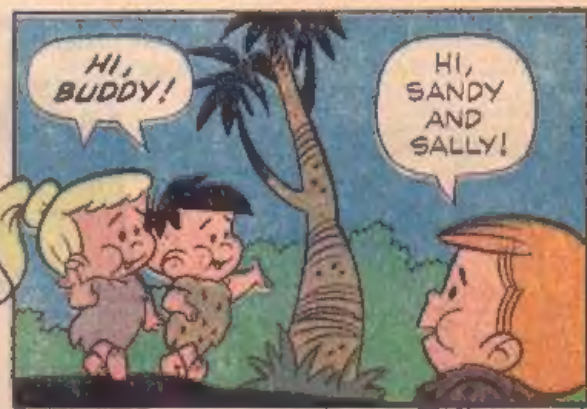
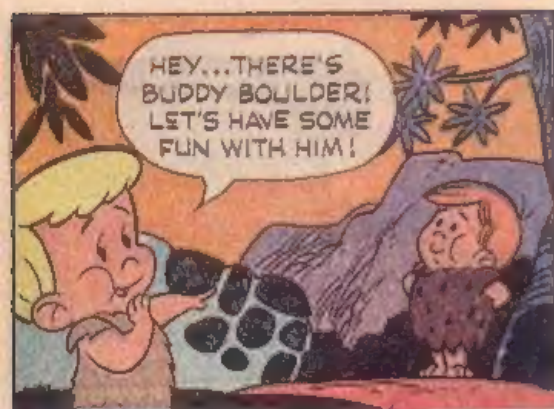
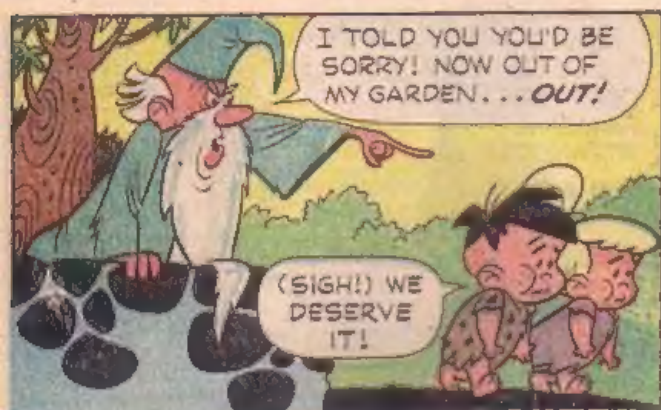
BOY! SANDY'S GOT THE BIGGEST MOUTH ALIVE...

SLUP!  
GULP!

WHATTA YA MEAN, I'VE GOT A **BIG MOUTH**?!

SANDY... YOU JUST **READ MY MIND**!







**STINGY!**

**EEEK! S-SOMETHING  
REAL W-WEIRDO IS  
GOIN' ON!**

**Zoom!**

**I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT'S  
A SAD THING TO BE ABLE TO  
READ YOUR FRIENDS' MINDS!**

**ESPECIALLY HIS!**

**MAYBE  
WE'LL DO  
BETTER  
AMONG  
STRANGERS!**

**LET'S SEE  
WHAT THAT  
MAN HAS  
ON HIS  
MIND...**

**CAFE**

**I'LL WAIT TILL CLOSING TIME, THEN  
I'LL GO IN AND ROB THE BANK!  
HAR-HAR-HAR!**

**OH, MY!**

**YIKES!**

**BANK OF  
BEDROCK**

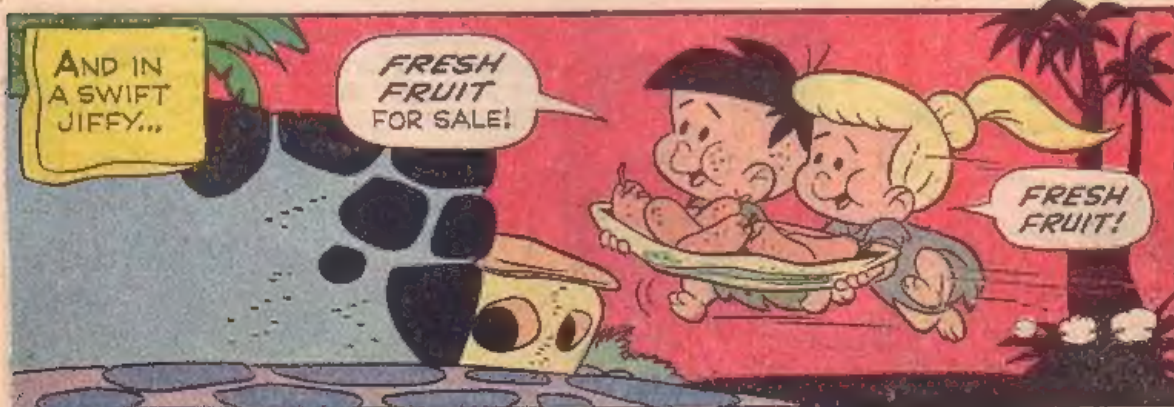
**HE'S A BANK  
ROBBER...  
WHAT'LL  
WE DO?**

**YOU TELL THE  
BANK PEOPLE...  
I'LL TELL THE  
POLICE!**

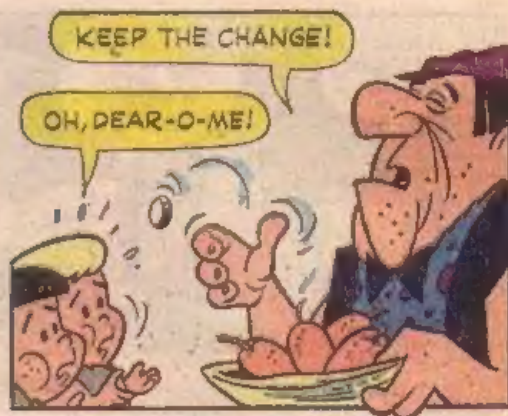
**BUT...**

**SO YOU *READ*  
THE BANK  
ROBBER'S *MIND*.  
EH, SONNY?  
HO-HO-HO!**











NOBODY CALLS **HANK THE BANKER** NAMES LIKE THAT AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

OW!

BOP!

NOBODY BOPS **BENNY THE BOXER** LIKE THAT AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

WOWIE!  
WHAT A  
BLOW!

BLOW!

YOU  
KNOCKED  
OUT THE  
**BANK  
ROBBER!**

**BANK ROBBER?**  
SAY...HE **DOES**  
HAVE A GUN!

POLICE!

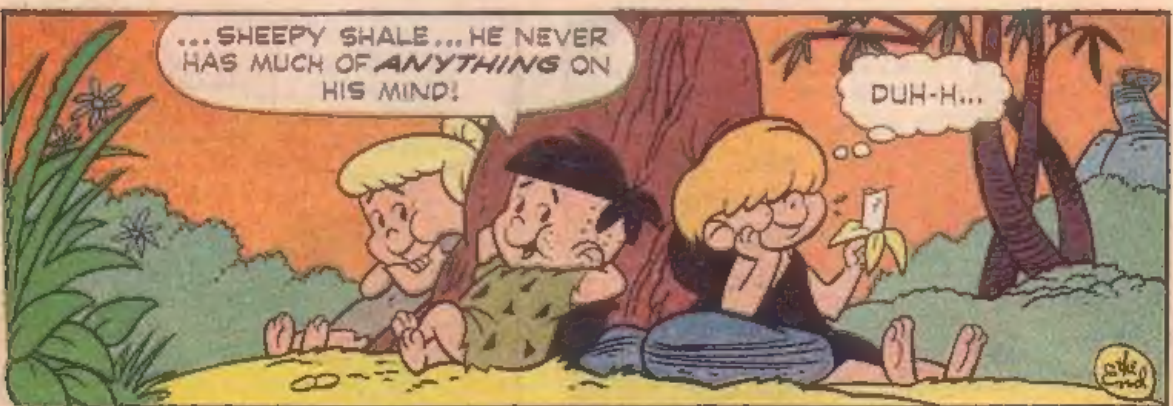
IT'S **HANK THE BANKER!**  
WHOEVER CAPTURED HIM  
GETS A REWARD!

YAY!

YOU CAN GIVE  
IT TO **US!** WE  
BROUGHT  
ABOUT HIS  
KNOCKOUT...

HUH?







Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

NIGHTMARE  
ALLEY

SMALL WONDER  
WE HAVE NIGHTMARES  
WITH ALL THE TRAFFIC  
WE GET THROUGH  
OUR CAVE!

WHY DOES EVERY TOM,  
DICK AND DINOSAUR  
HAVE TO ROAR  
THROUGH HERE?

AWWWWW!

CAUSE IT'S A GOOD  
SHORT CUT FROM MAIN  
STREET DOWN TO  
QUARRY ROAD!

YOU KNOW  
WHAT WE  
NEED, MEN?

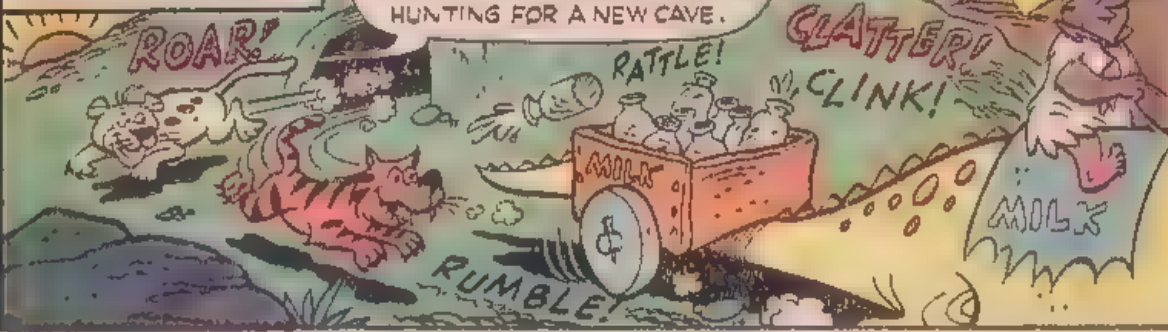
YES. A NEW  
CAVE...

...ONE THAT'S A  
DEAD END!



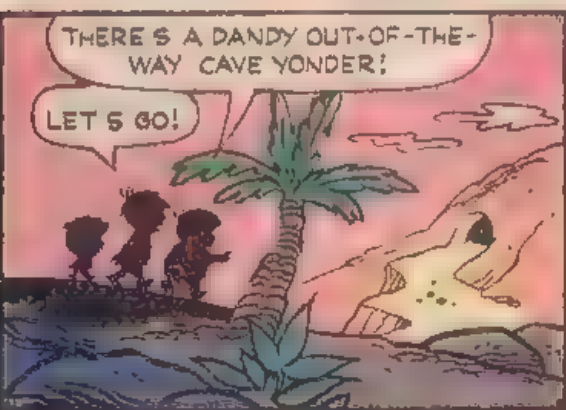
SO BRIGHT AND EARLY  
THE NEXT MORN NG...

SINCE THE MILKMAN WOKE US,  
LET'S GET AN EARLY START  
HUNTING FOR A NEW CAVE.



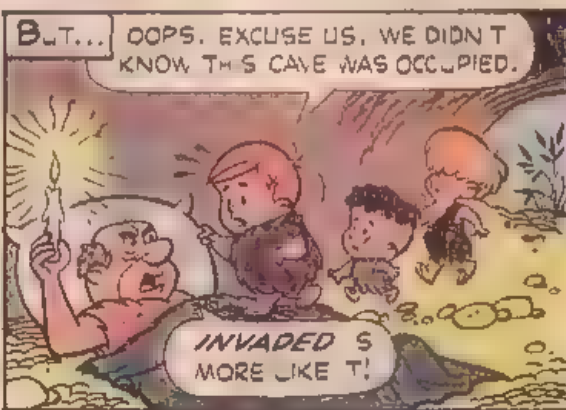
THERE'S A DANDY OUT-OF-THE-  
WAY CAVE YONDER!

LET'S GO!



BUT... OOPS. EXCUSE US, WE DIDN'T  
KNOW THIS CAVE WAS OCCUPIED.

INVADED'S  
MORE LIKE IT!



AND VACANT  
CAVES PROVE TO  
BE SCARCER  
THAN DINOSAUR  
IMPLES...

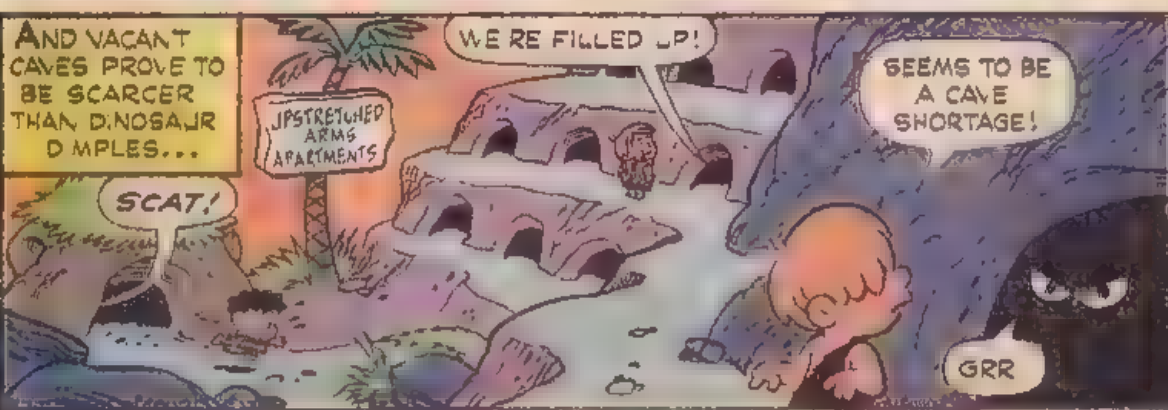
WE'RE FILLED UP!

SEEMS TO BE  
A CAVE  
SHORTAGE!

SCAT!

UPSTRETCHED  
ARMS  
APARTMENTS

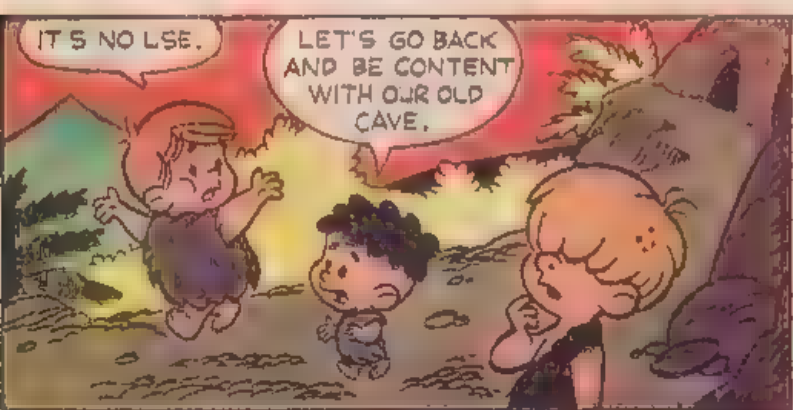
GRR



IT'S NO USE.

LET'S GO BACK  
AND BE CONTENT  
WITH OUR OLD  
CAVE.

OH NO...LOOK  
AT T...





... NEW HOME OF THE  
**BUMPASAUROS BUS DEPOT**

IT'S BECOME A  
**BUS DEPOT!**

**VOOM!**

WE'RE  
COMPLETELY  
**CAVE-  
LESS!**

**DISASTROPHOBIA.**

NOW WE'RE  
**REALLY  
DESPERATE!**

ANY OL' HOLE-IN-A-  
MOUNT WILL DO!

HMM... I  
WONDER..

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE **CRATER OF  
MT. NOGO, THE INACTIVE VOLCANO!**

WHY NOT? A **CRATER'S JUST**  
A **CAVE UP ON END!**

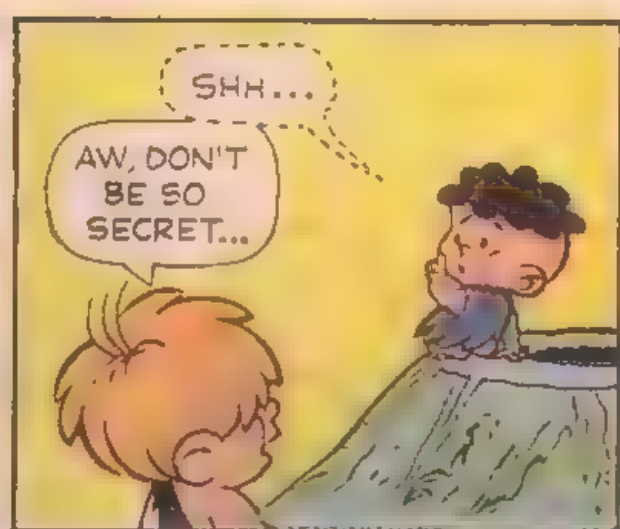
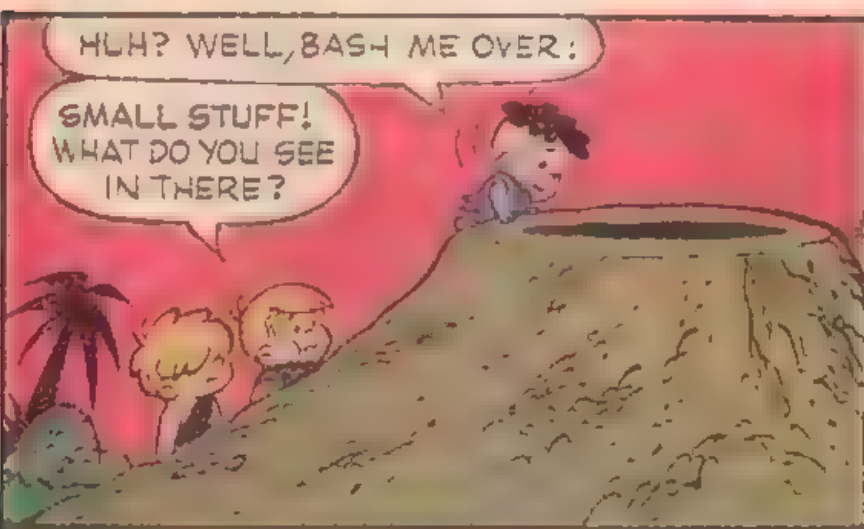
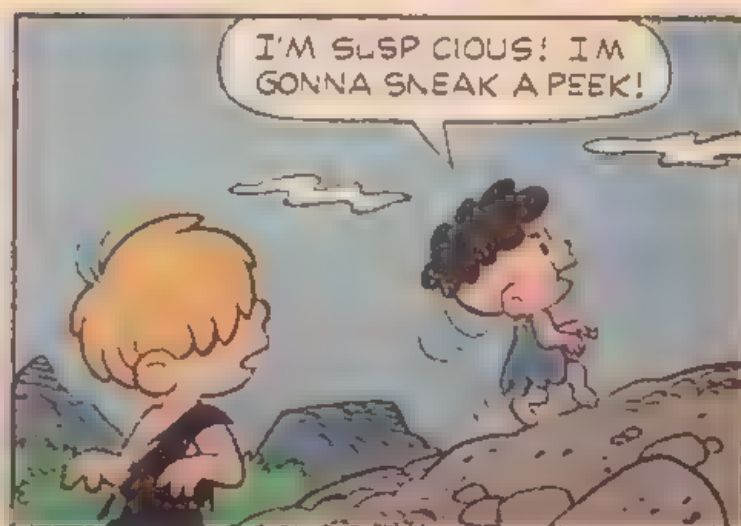
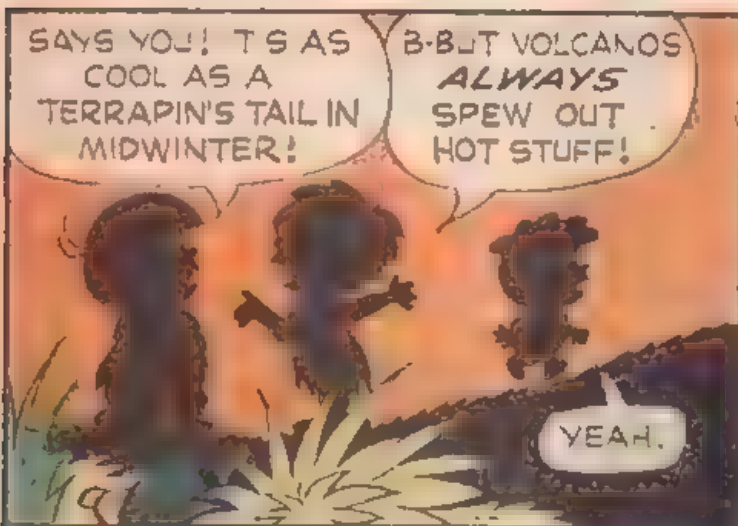
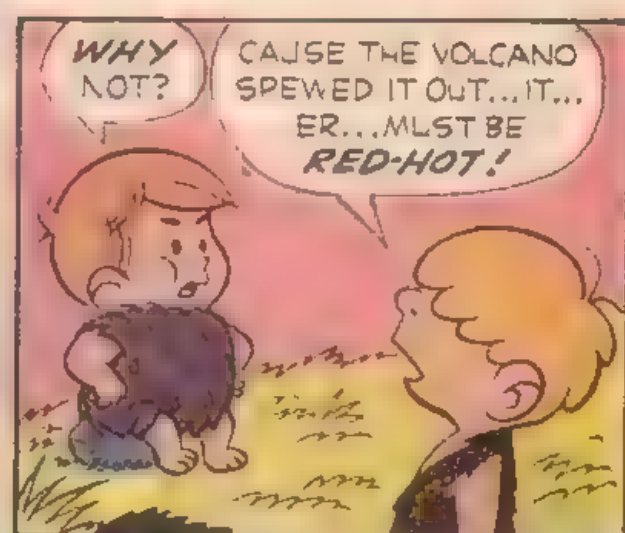
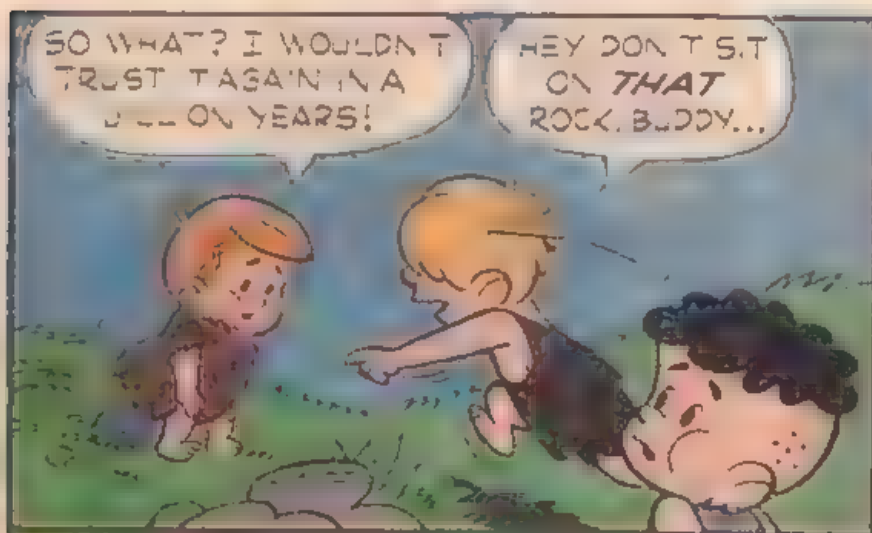
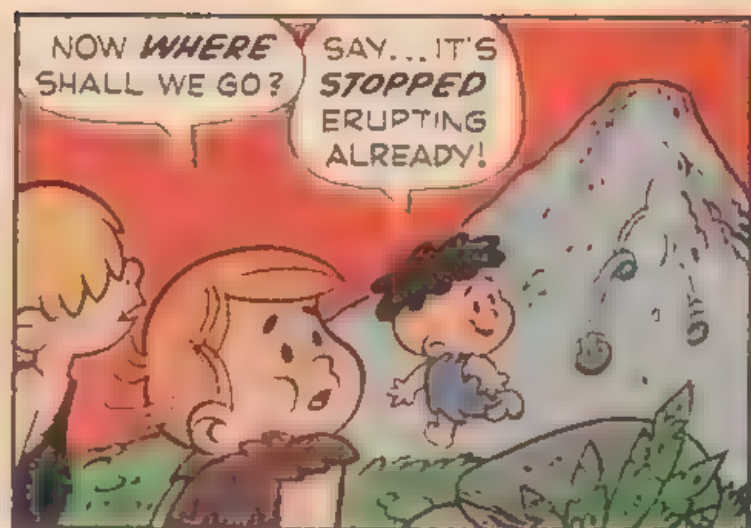
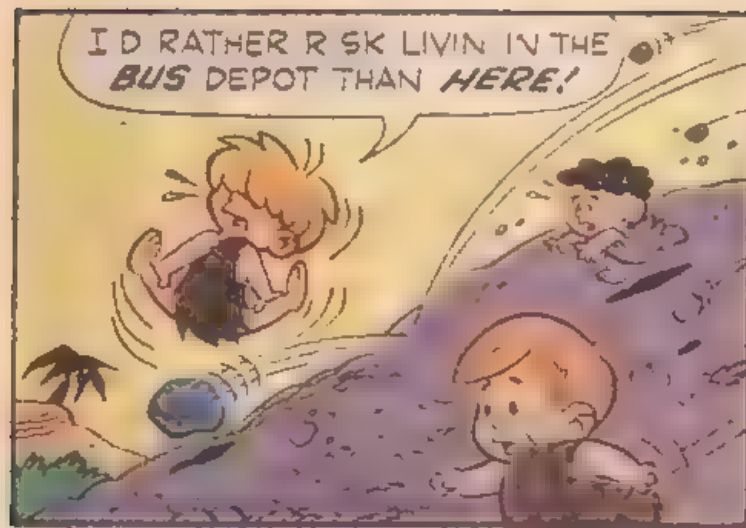
I'LL BET NOBODY ELSE  
EVER THOUGHT OF SETTLIN'  
UP CAVE-KEEPIN' IN  
A CRATER.

**EEEK!!**  
SUDDENLY THE  
OLD VOLCANO IS  
**REVIVING!**

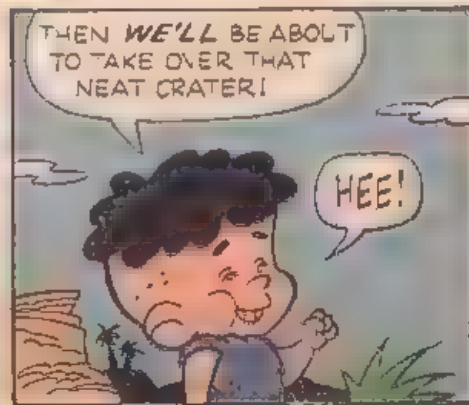
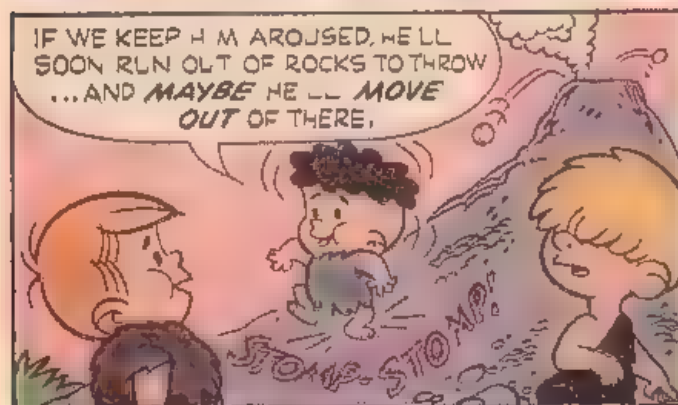
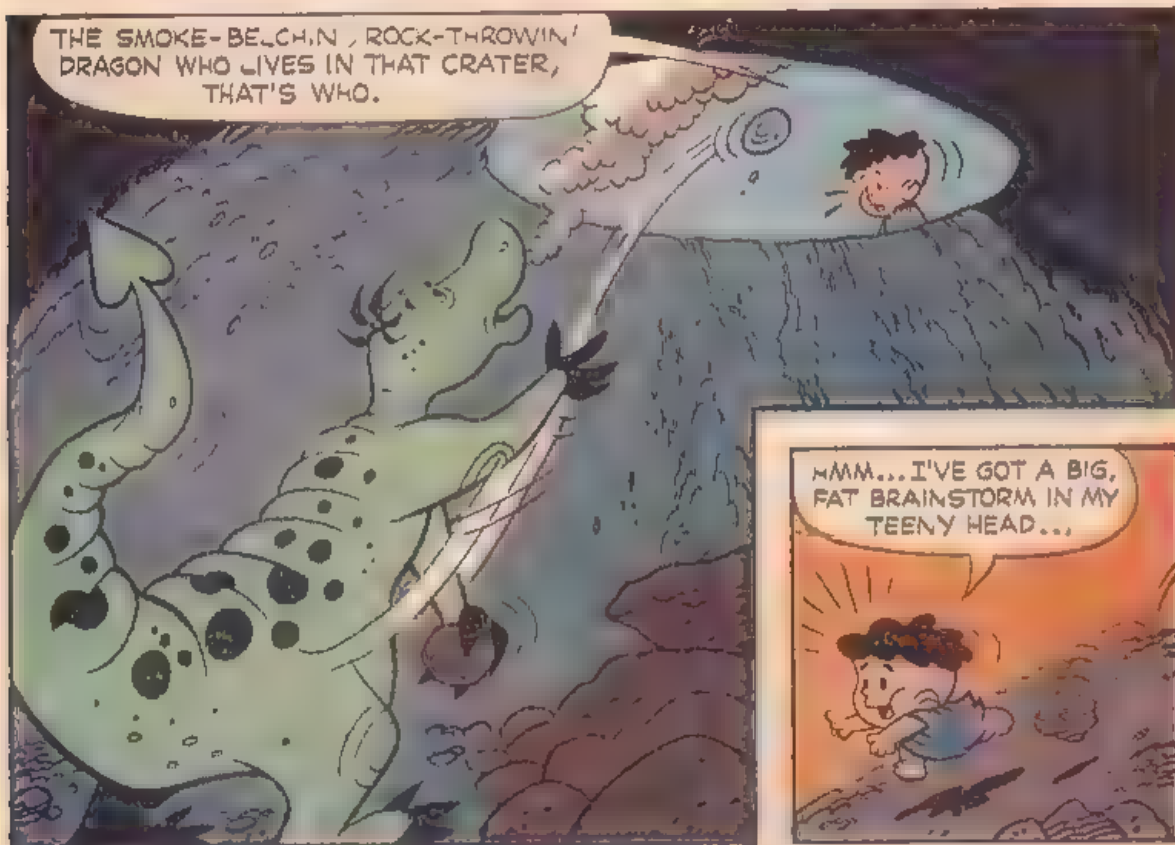
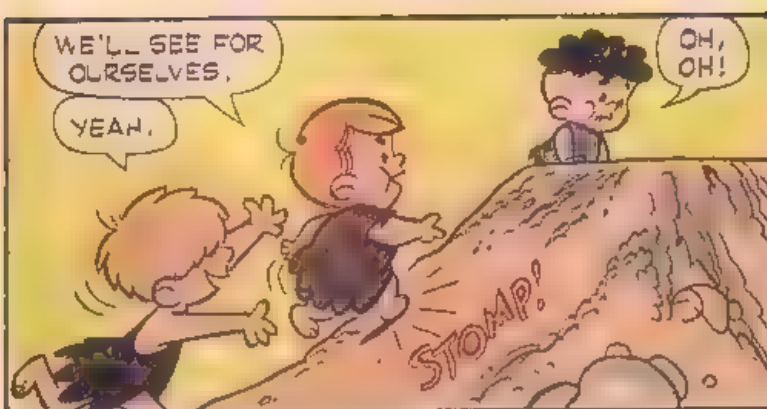
IT'S R-R-RANING  
BRIMSTONE!

**HALP!**

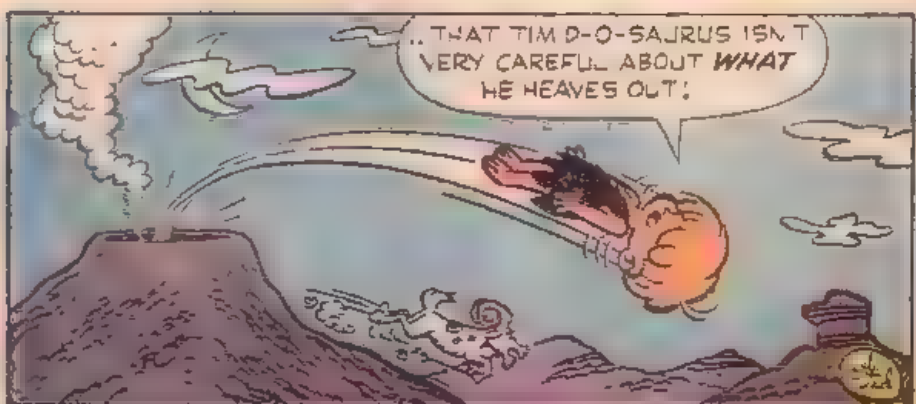
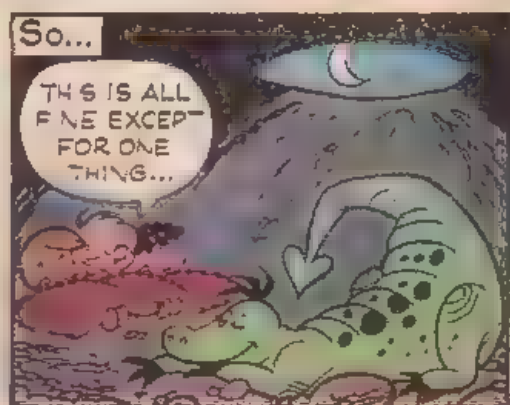
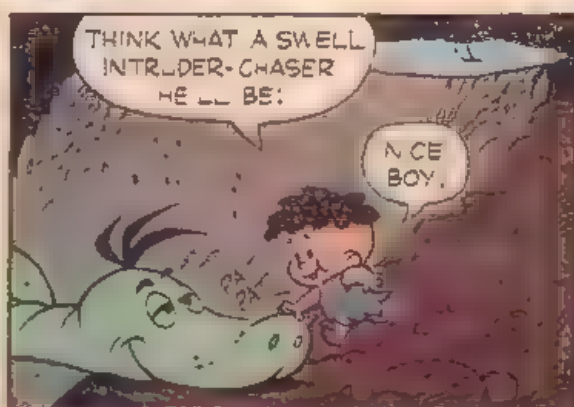
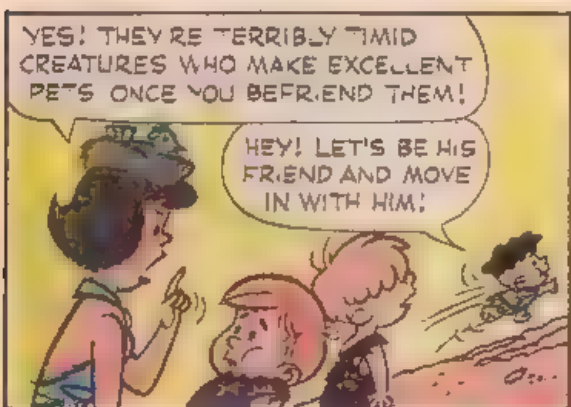
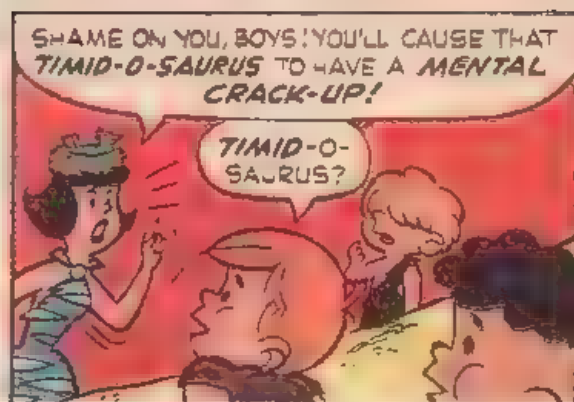
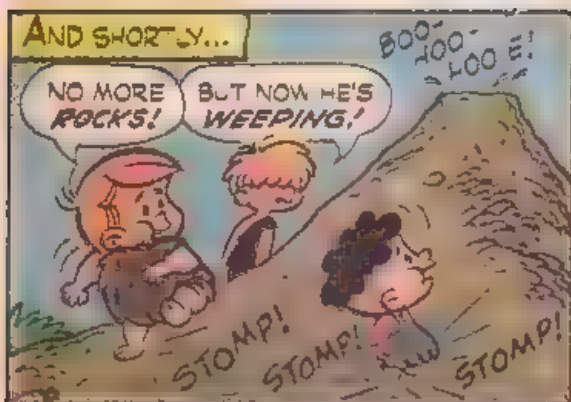














# NOT SO DUMB DADDY



Augie's Daddy was standing on the porch as he looked over his large lawn. His back began to ache just thinking of all the work.

"My lawn is in sad shape," sighed Doggie Daddy. "The weeds have taken over. I'll have to dig up the whole lawn and start over. And if there's one thing I don't dig, it's digging!" he snorted in disgust.

Doggie Daddy walked into the house to put on his work clothes, thinking he'd at least have Augie to help him with the job.

But Augie came dashing down the stairs in something far different from work clothes. He was wearing his baseball uniform.

"So long, Precious Pop," yelled Augie. "I have to get to baseball practice. I'm late as ready."

"Wait a minute!" yelled his Daddy. But it was too late... Augie had already gone.

"Bah! I realize baseball and recreation are good for a growing boy. But digging up the lawn would give him exercise and be good for growing grass. I guess I'll just have to do it myself," grumbled Doggie Daddy.

A half hour later, Augie's Daddy was busy toiling in the hot sun, digging up weeds, when Augie came sadly into the yard. He was followed by his baseball buddies.

"What's the matter, saddest of all sons?" asked Augie's Doggie Daddy.

"Our team has been practicing on a vacant lot to get ready for a championship game. And now the man who owns the lot says we can't play there anymore," moaned Augie.

"That's too bad," agreed his Daddy, "but now you can stay home and help me get this lawn into good shape for replanting."

"Dad of Dads, how can you think of the lawn at a time like this?" wailed Augie.

"You don't understand, sir," Billy Beagle spoke up. "We invested all kinds of money in new equipment... bats, balls, uniforms, and these spiked shoes for the big game. Now we will surely lose because we don't have anywhere to practice," he sighed.

Doggie Daddy took a long look at Billy's shoes and noticed that all the other boys were wearing the same kind.

"Fellows, you can practice right here in my yard. I'll even umpire for you!" offered Doggie Daddy with a generous smile.

"Hooray for Precious Pop," cried Augie.

And so, for the next few days the whole team practiced in Augie's yard. They ran around bases. They slid into home plate. They jumped up and down in the outfield to catch flies. And each time the boys' shoes dug into the dirt, a little more earth was loosened and a few more weeds came out of the ground—not to speak of grass.

That weekend, Doggie Daddy went to the big game. Of course, Augie's team won!

On the way home from the game, Augie patted his dad on the back. "Thank you, dear Daddy, for letting our team use your lawn to practice on. You were very generous to postpone all your garden work just for us!"

"Thanks for the compliment, grateful son," replied Doggie Daddy. "But you boys actually did me the favor!"

They had arrived home, and Augie noticed for the first time that the lawn looked as though it were all dug up.

"You boys and your spiked shoes did that," explained Doggie Daddy. "All I had to do was rake up the loosened weeds and grass. And now it's all ready for replanting, sharp-footed son of mine," his Daddy said.





Hanna-Barbera

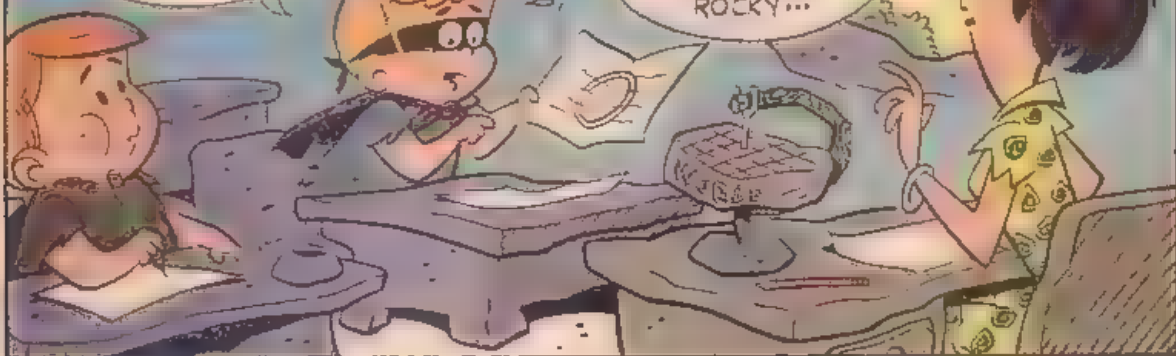
# CAVE KIDS

in

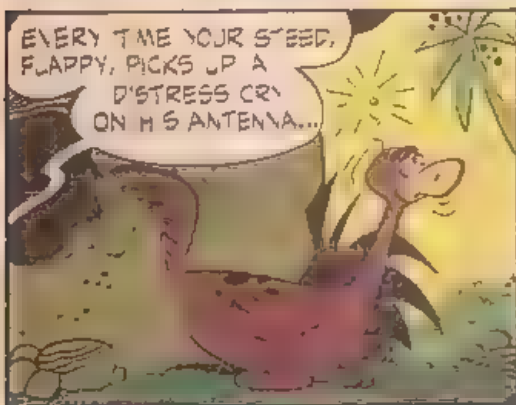
## ZERO-HERO

EEEK! HOW COME  
YOU PUT A BIG  
**ZERO** ON MY  
REPORT CARD  
MISS ELTOW?

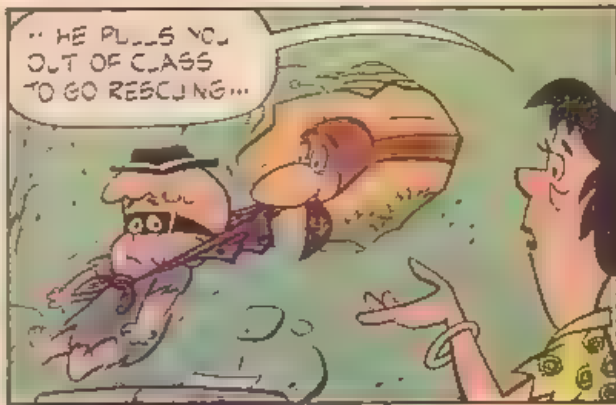
SURELY YOU'RE  
SMART ENOUGH TO  
FIGURE THAT OUT  
FOR YOURSELF  
ROCKY...



EVERY TIME YOUR SPEED,  
FLAPPY, PICKS UP A  
D'STRESS CRY  
ON HIS ANTENNA...



...HE PULLS YOU  
OUT OF CLASS  
TO GO RESCUING...

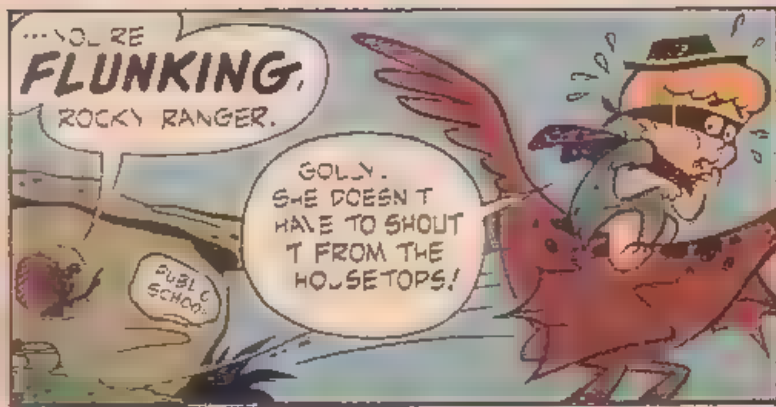


...AND SO YOU MISS  
A BIG BUNCH OF  
SCHOOLING  
EVERY DAY!

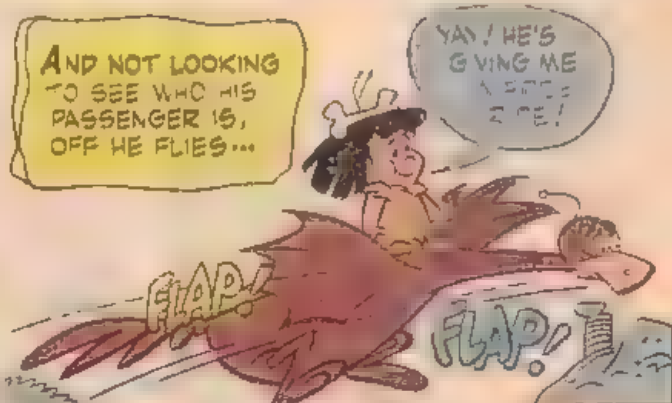
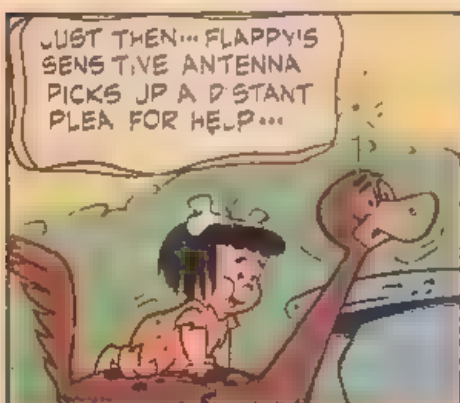
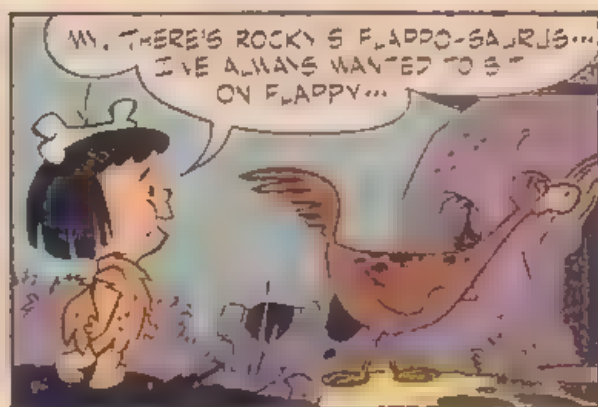
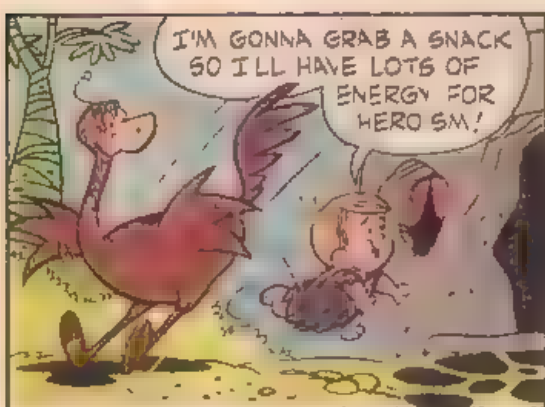
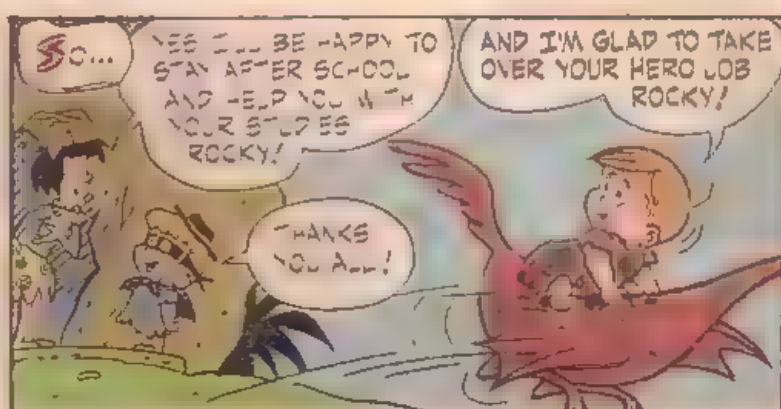
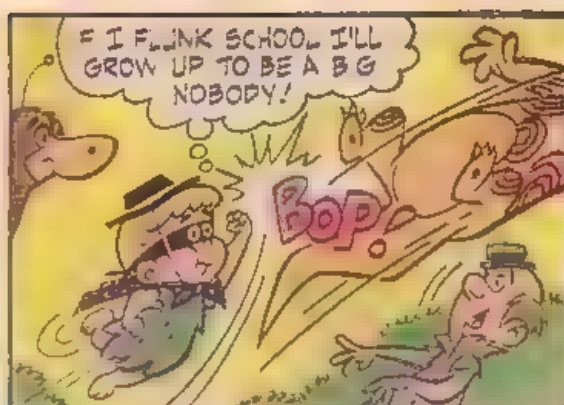


...YOU'RE  
**FLUNKING,**  
ROCKY RANGER.

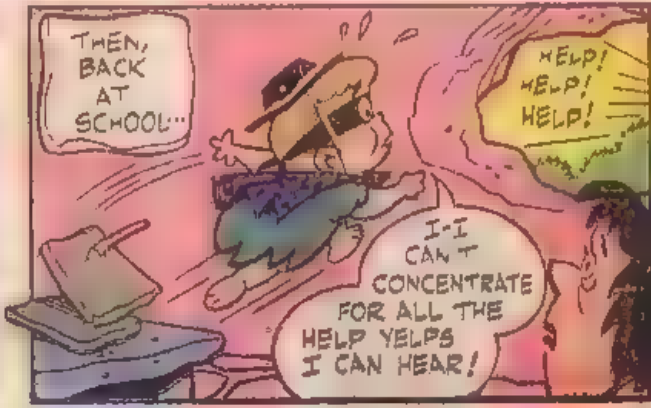
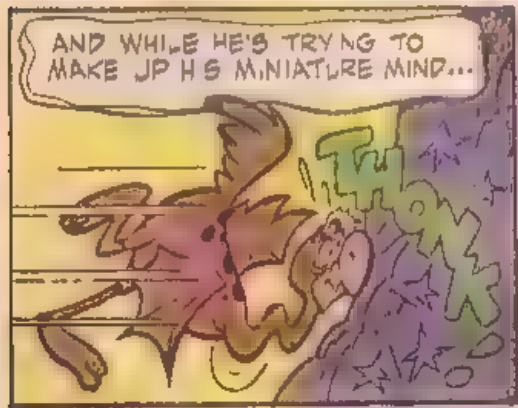
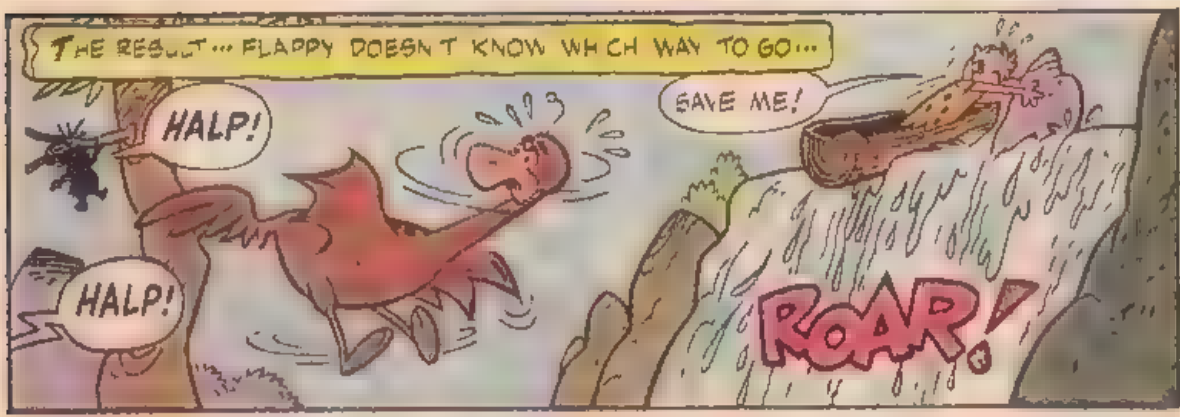
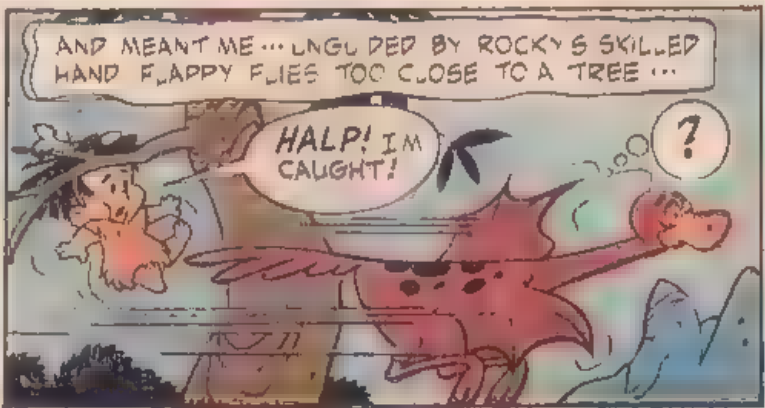
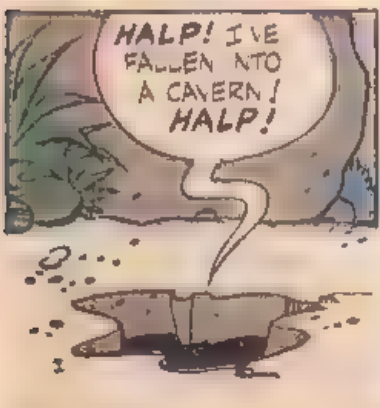
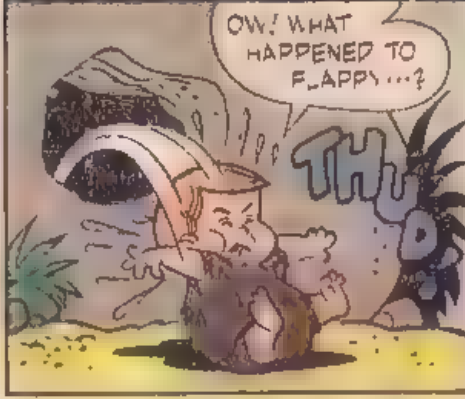
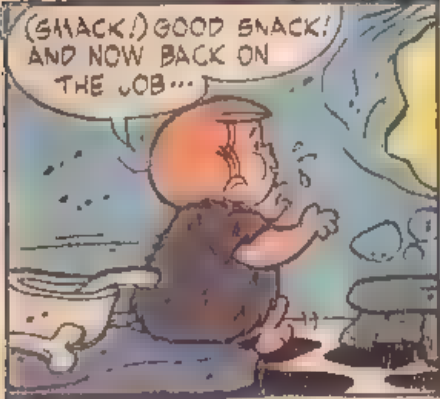
GOLLY.  
SHE DOESN'T  
HAVE TO SHOUT  
T FROM THE  
HOUSETOPS!

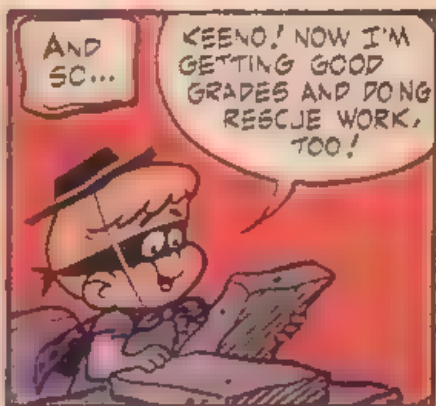
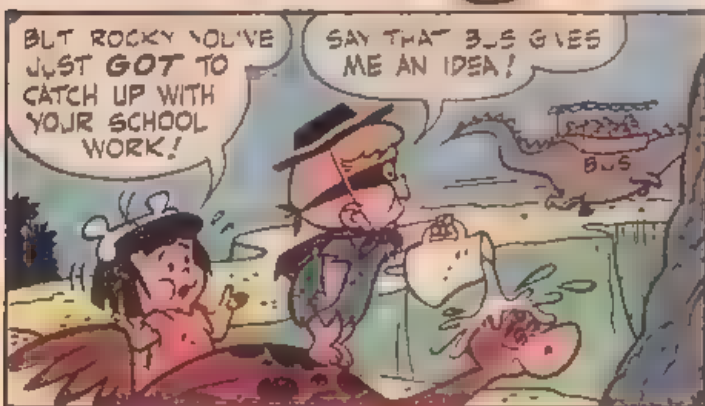
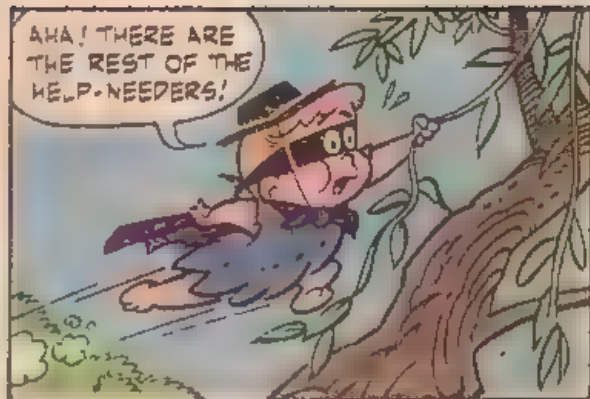
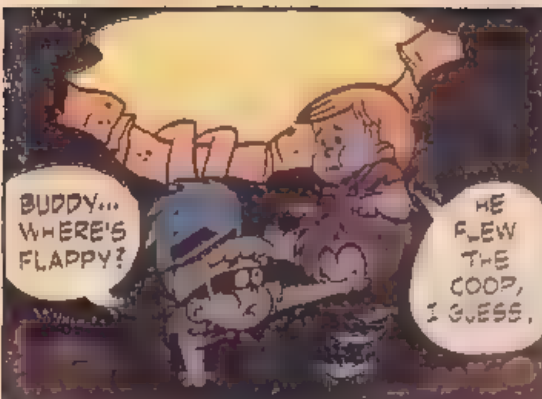








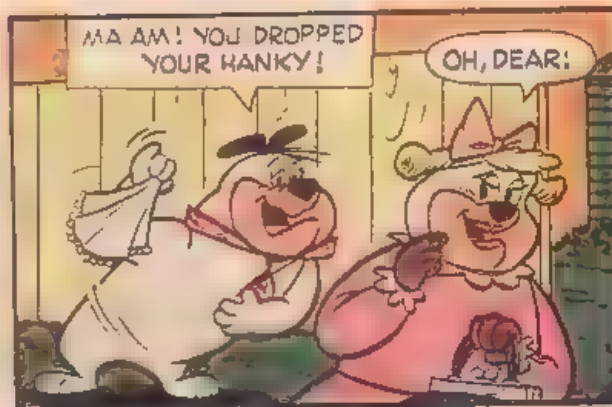
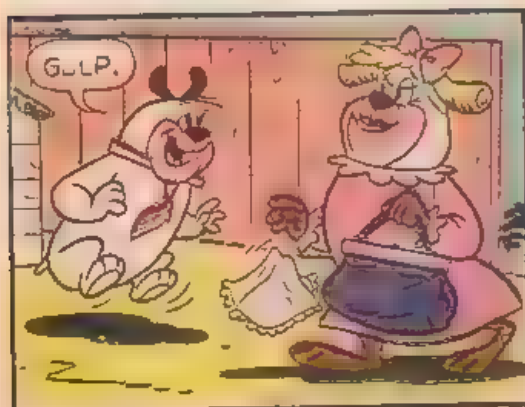
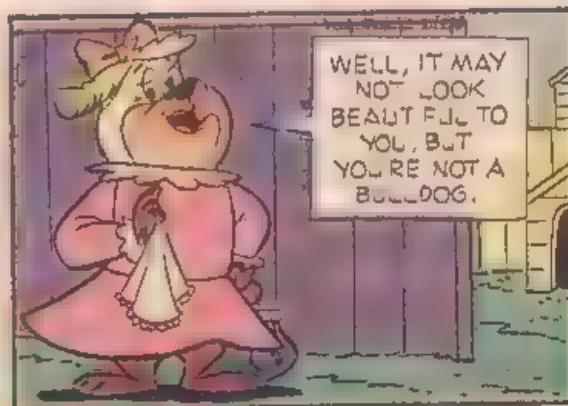
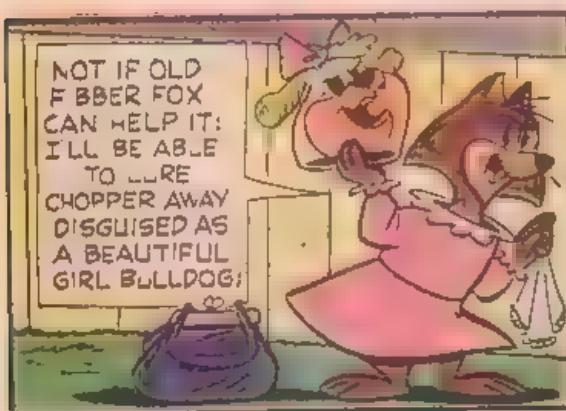


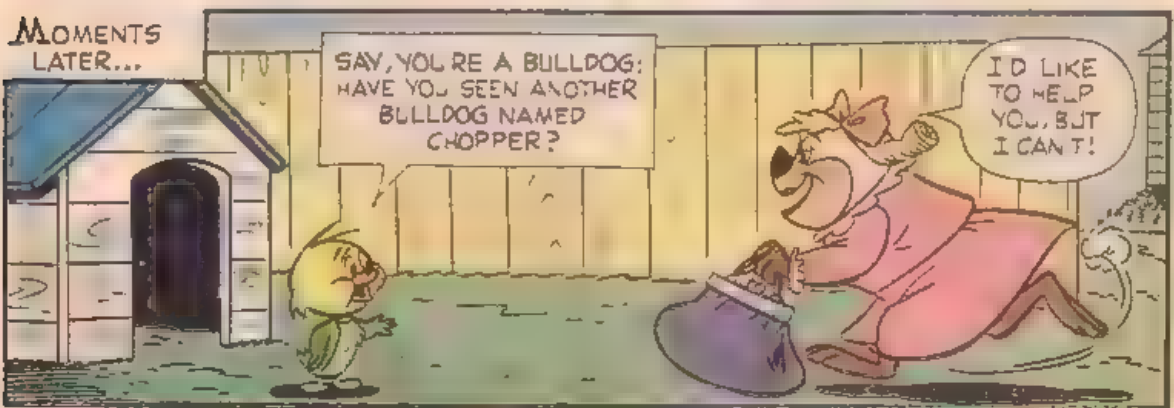
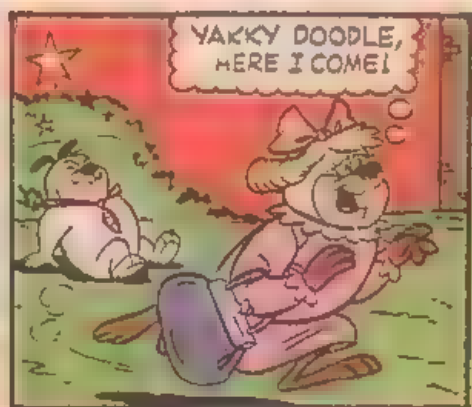
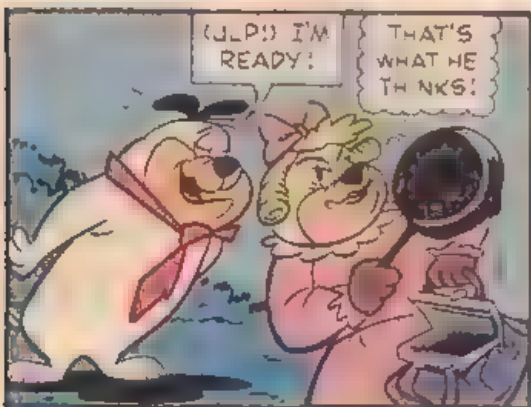
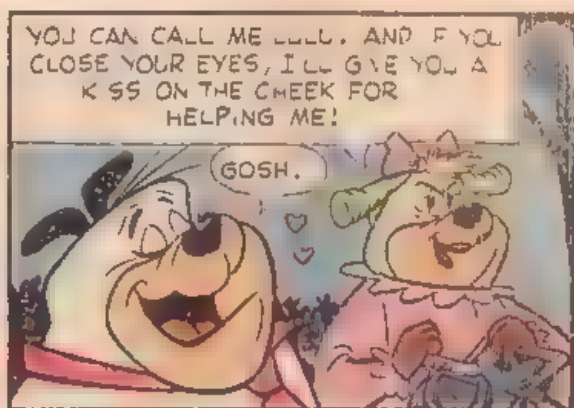
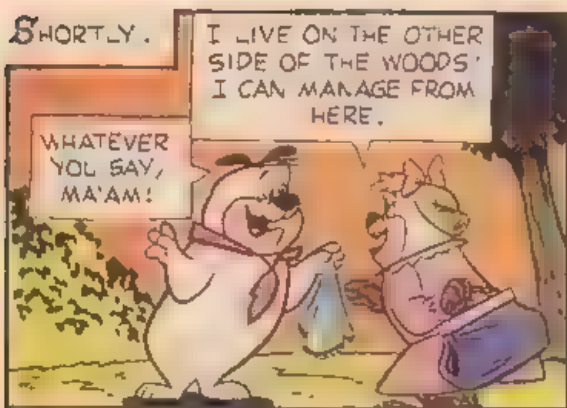
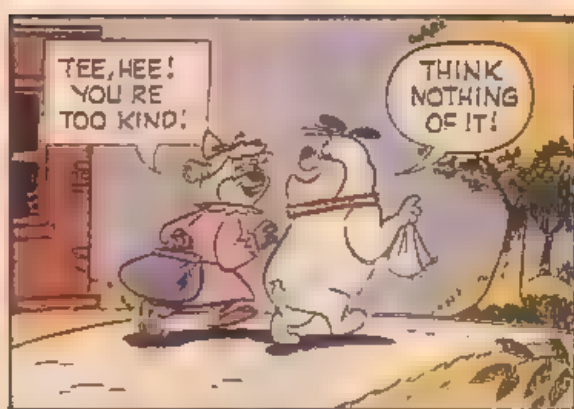
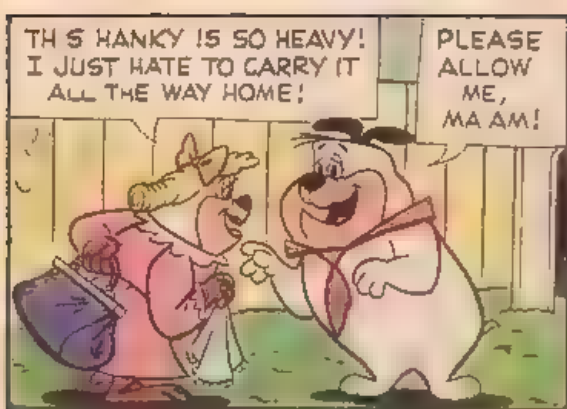




Hanna-Barbara Yakky and Chopper

# The Foxy Disguise







YOU SEE, I'M NOT  
REALLY A BULLDOG!

EEEK!  
FIBBER  
FOX!

THESE THINGS  
COME IN HANDY  
SOMETIMES!

YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH THIS!

NOW BACK HOME  
FOR A DANDY  
DUCK DINNER!

WOW! WHAT A KISS  
THAT LULU GIVES! I  
FEEL LIKE I WAS HIT  
OVER THE HEAD WITH  
A FRYING PAN!

LULU!!

CHOPPER!

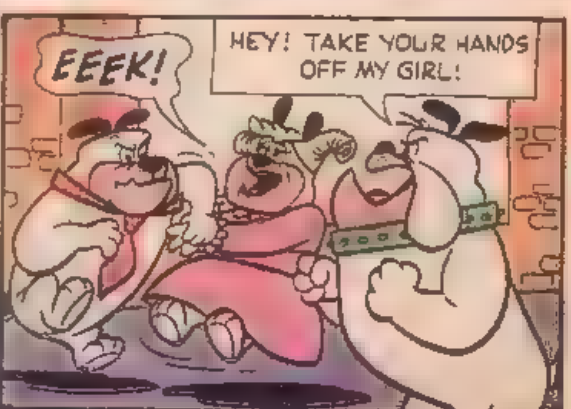
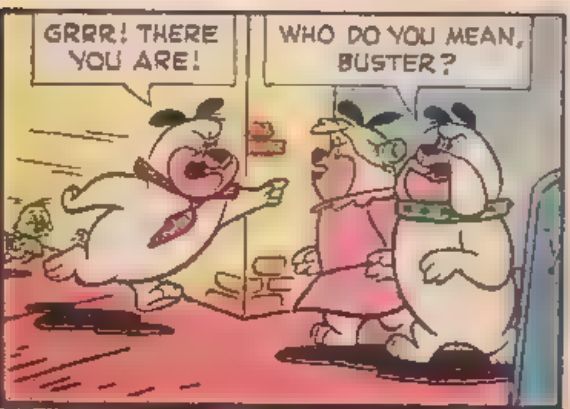
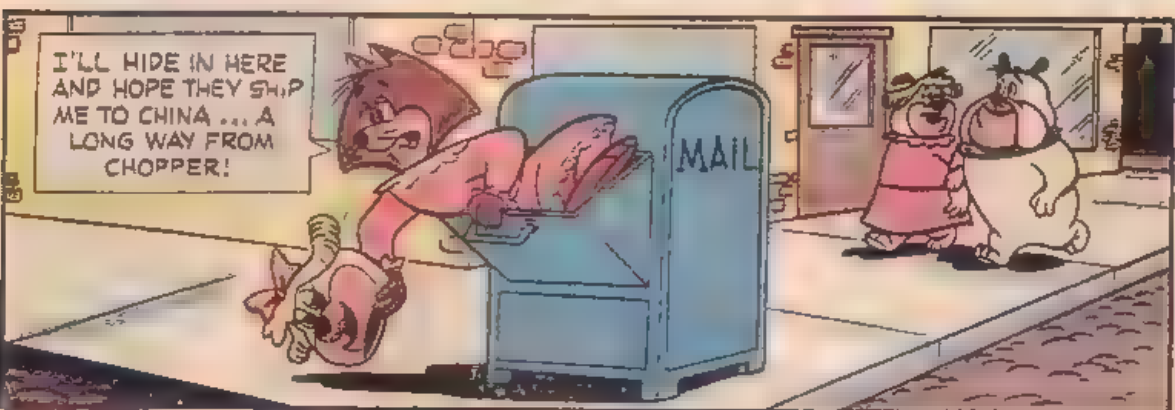
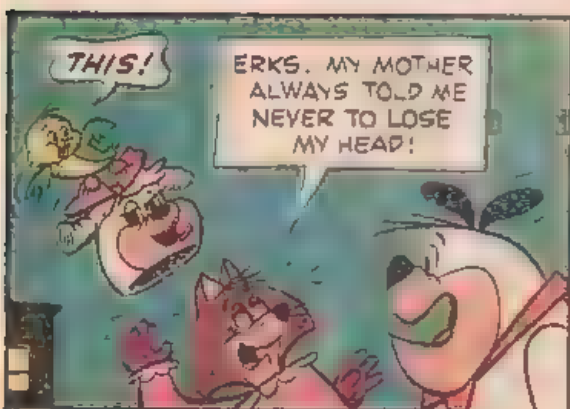
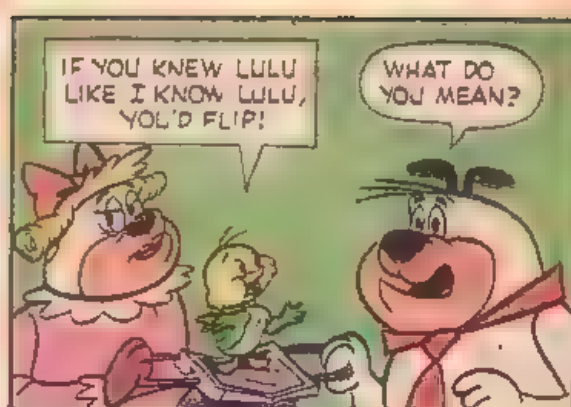
I DON'T HAVE TIME  
TO CHAT! I MUST  
RUSH HOME!

I'LL CARRY  
YOUR PURSE  
FOR YOU!

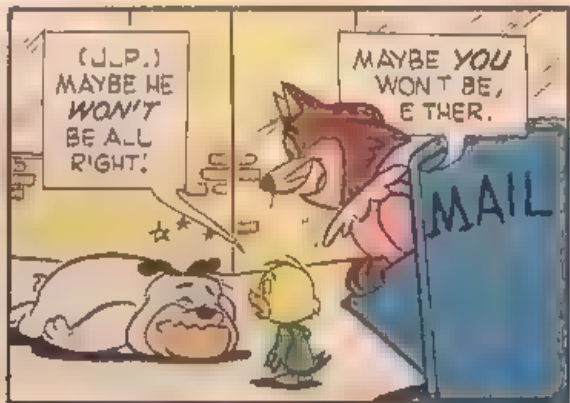
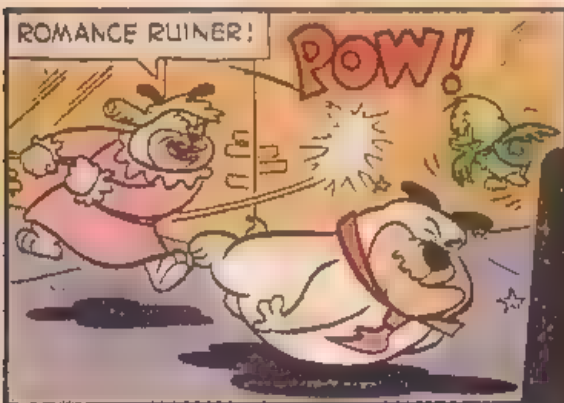
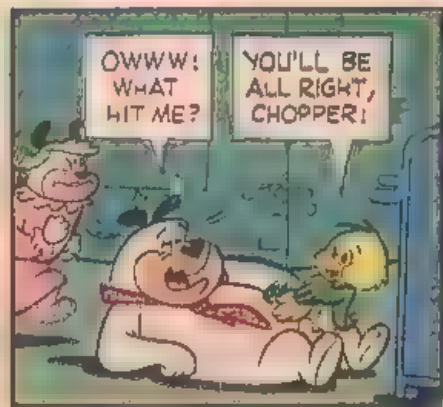
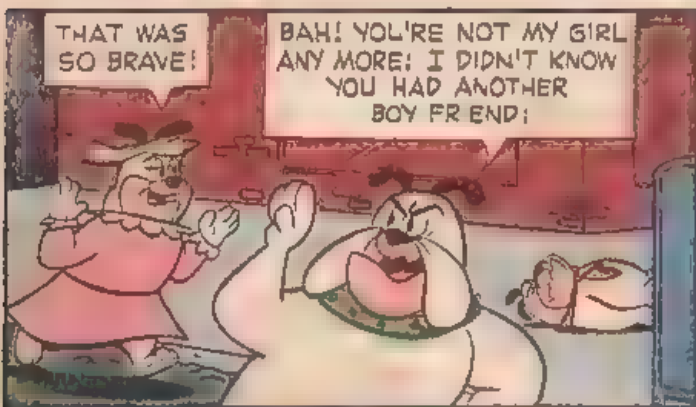
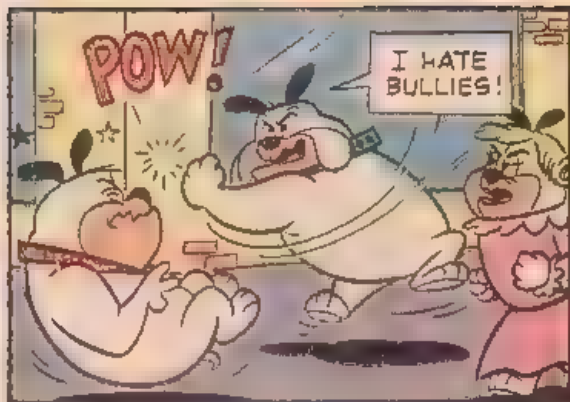
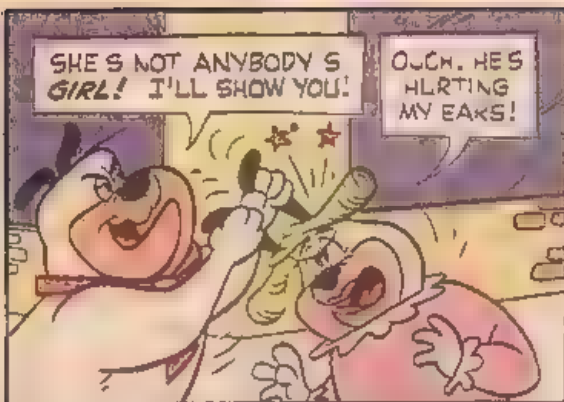
NO! NO!

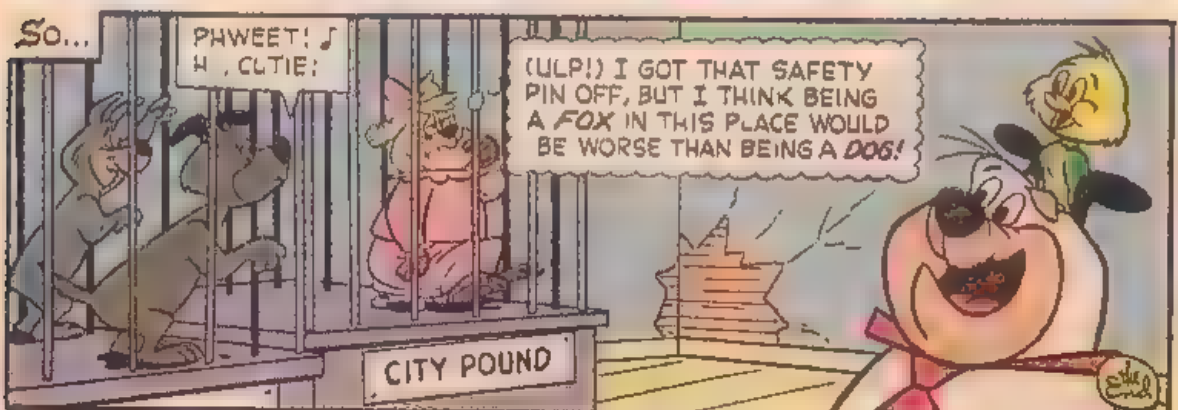
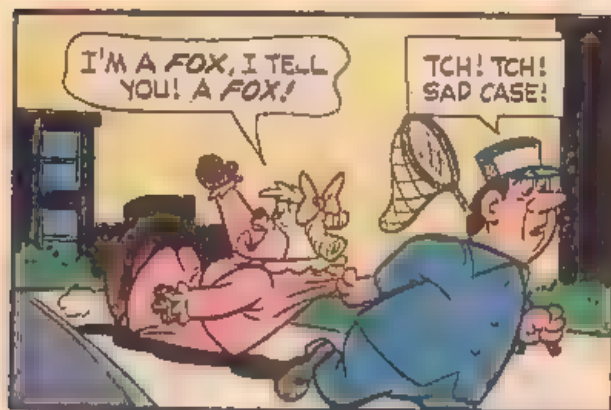
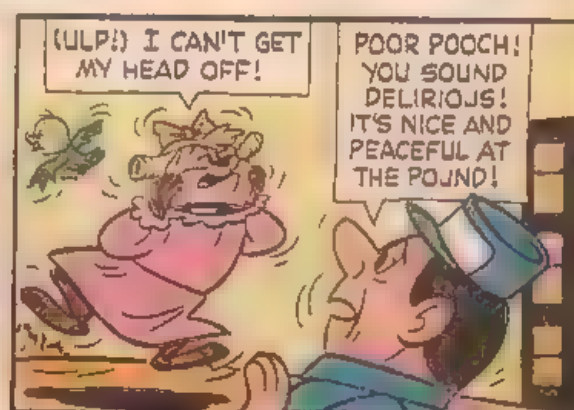
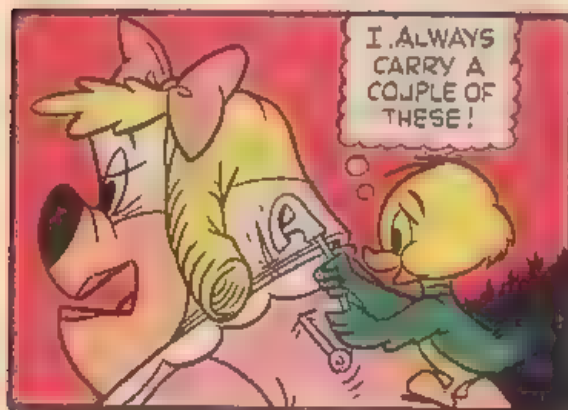
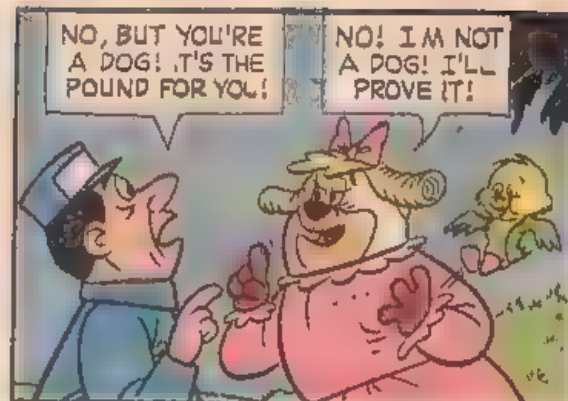
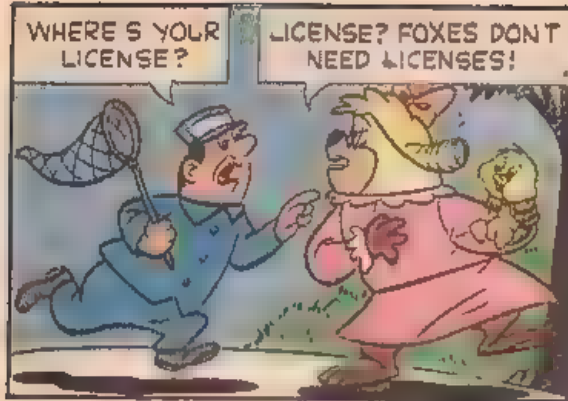
OH, BUT I  
INSIST!

AFTER THE KISS SHE  
GAVE ME FOR CARRYING  
HER HANKY, JUST THINK  
OF THE KISS I'LL GET  
FOR CARRYING HER  
PURSE.











Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

and the

## THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS

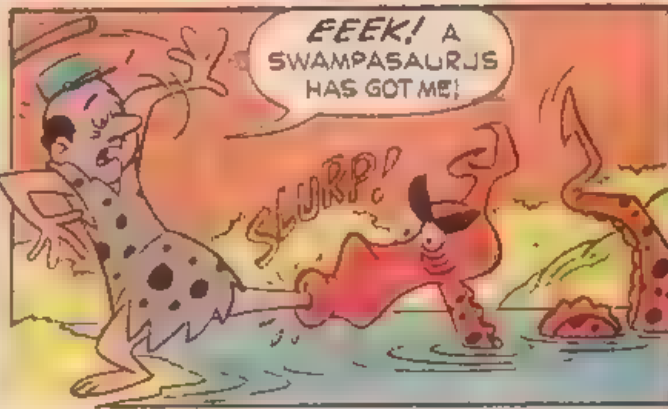
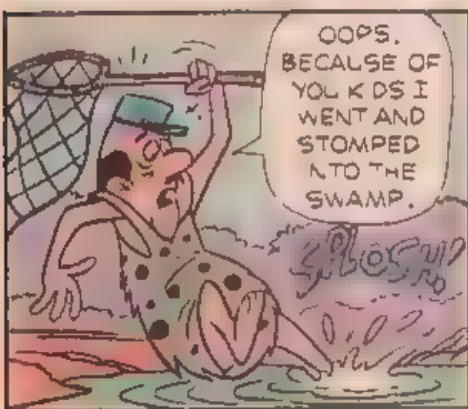
PLEASE,  
MR. ZOO  
CATCHER...

WON'T YOU  
HIRE US..

**NO! NO! NO!**  
STOP PESTER NG ME!

TO CATCH  
WILD  
CRITTERS  
...PLEASE.

ZOO

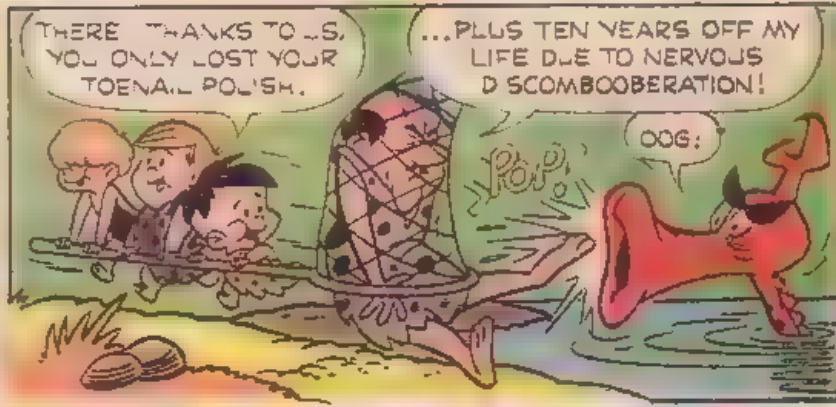


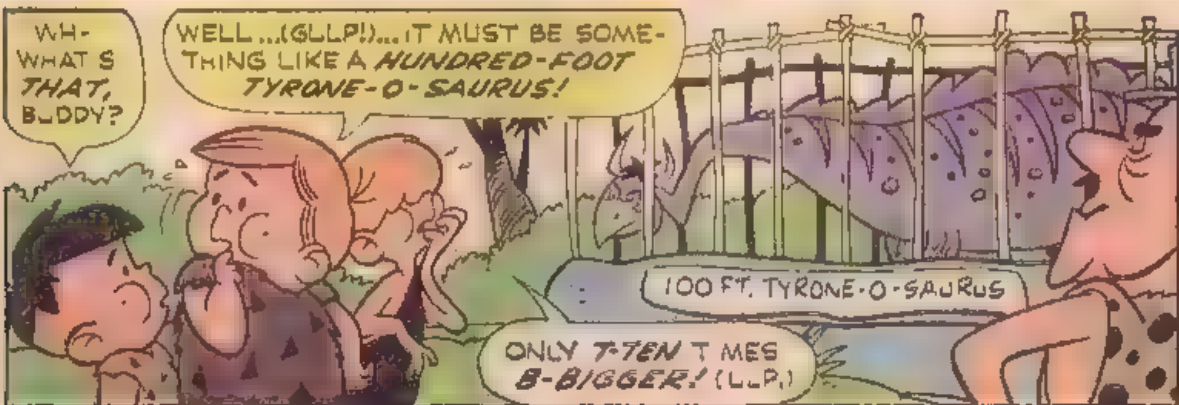
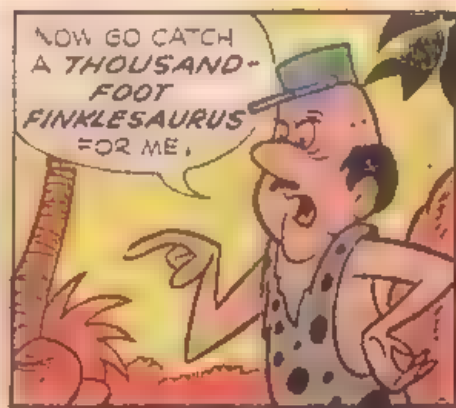
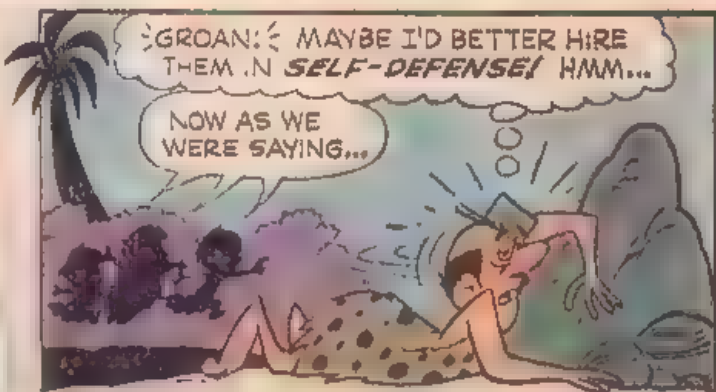
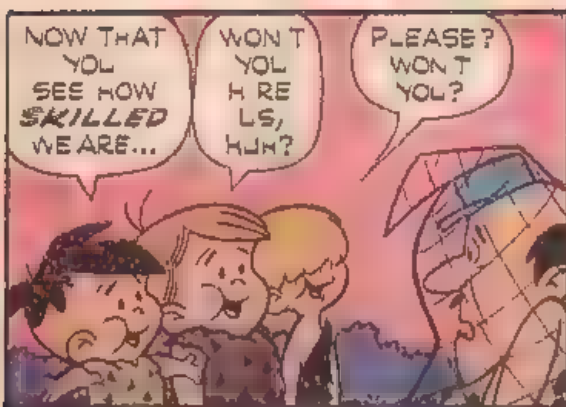
TO THE  
RESCUE, MEN.

THERE THANKS TO US,  
YOU ONLY LOST YOUR  
TOENAIL POLISH.

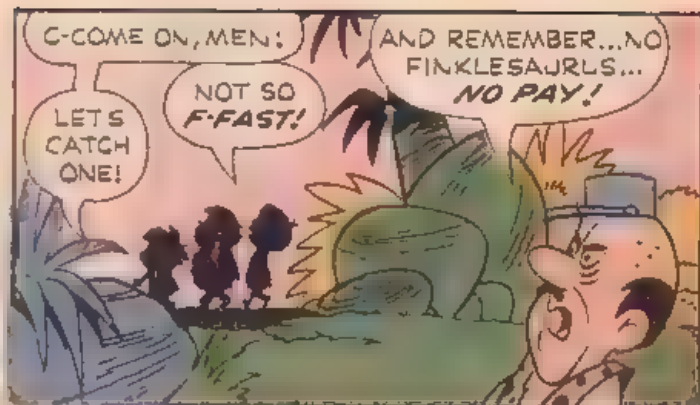
...PLUS TEN YEARS OFF MY  
LIFE DUE TO NERVOUS  
D SCOMBOOBERATION!

OOG:

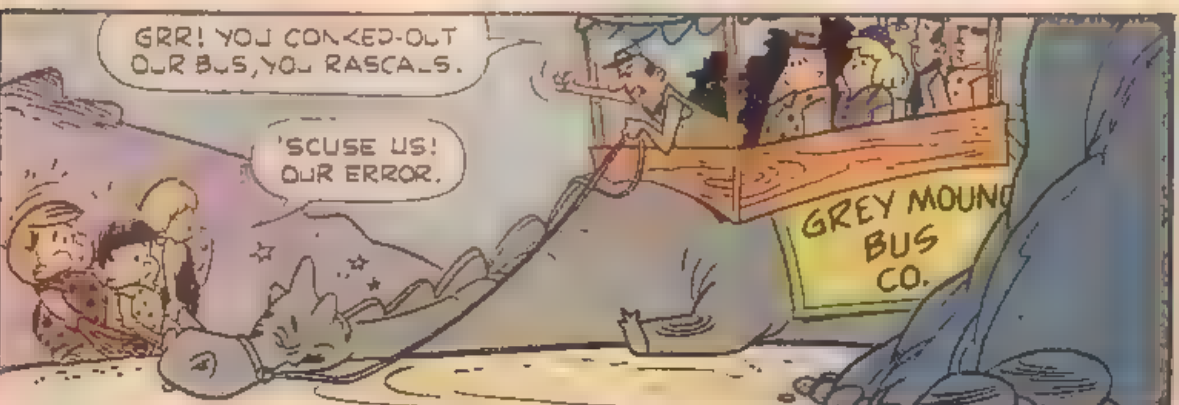
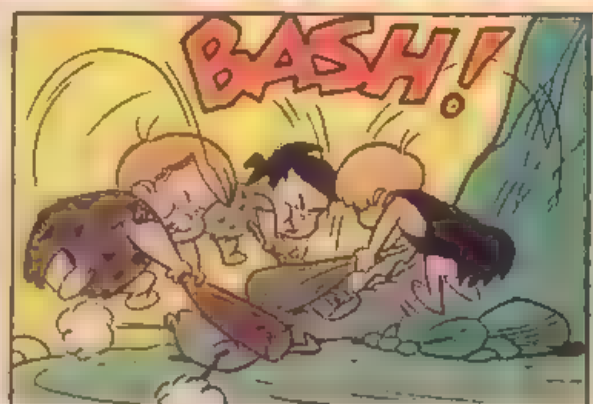
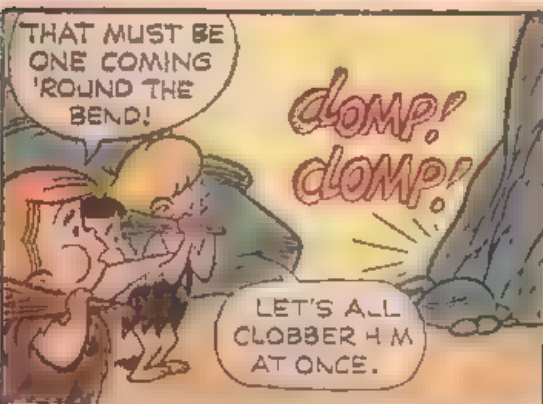
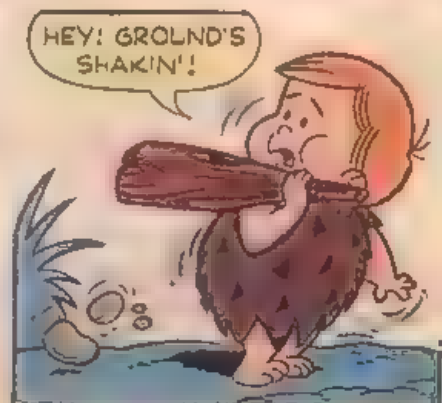
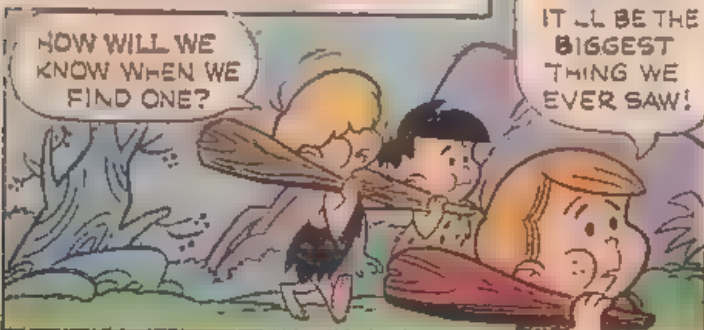


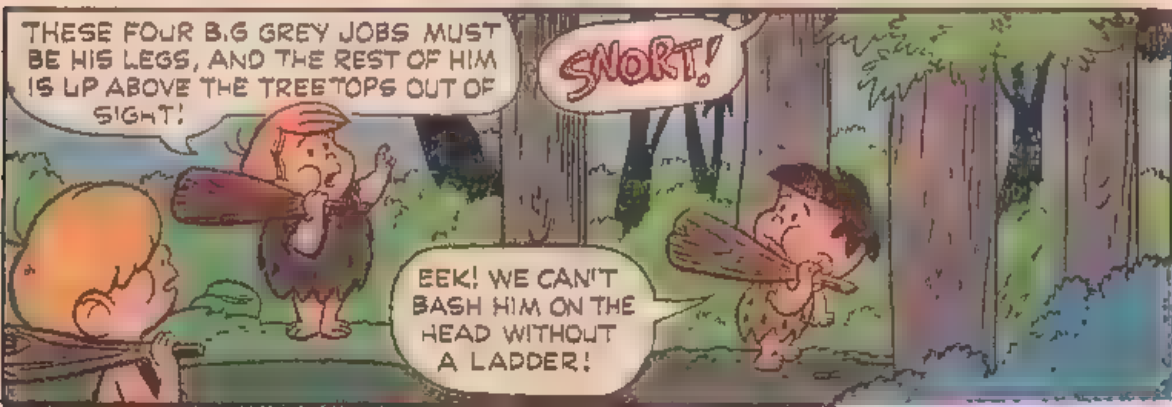
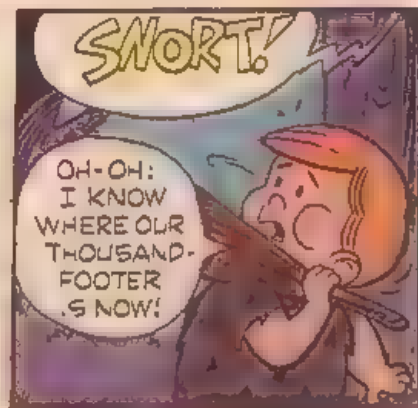
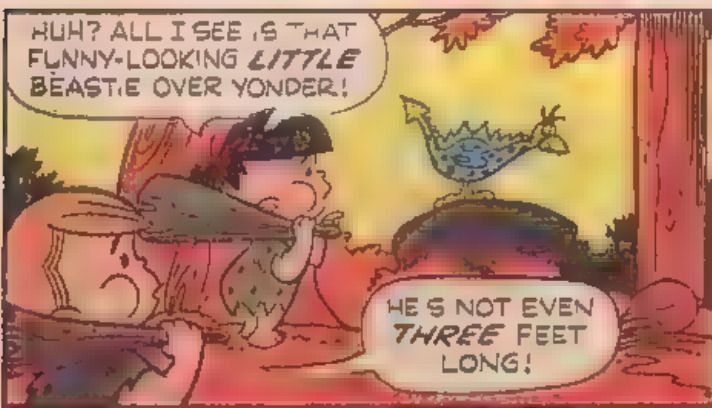
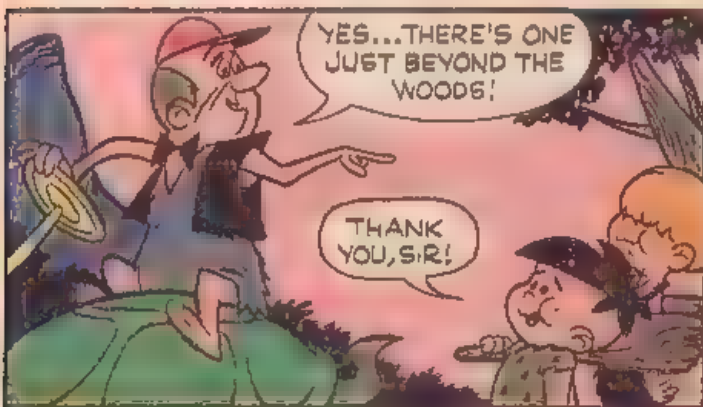
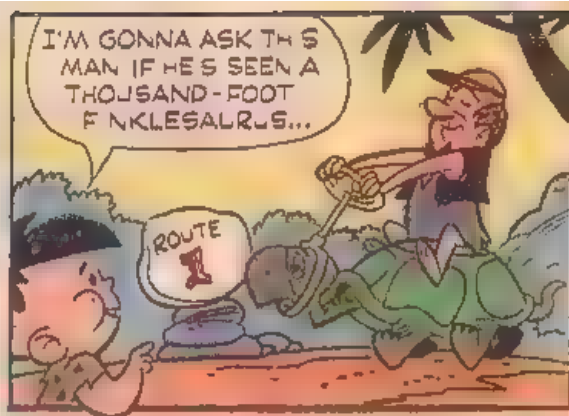
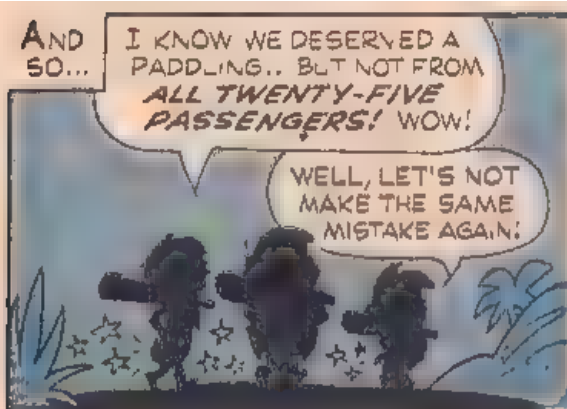






SO OUR FRIENDS GO THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS HUNTING...



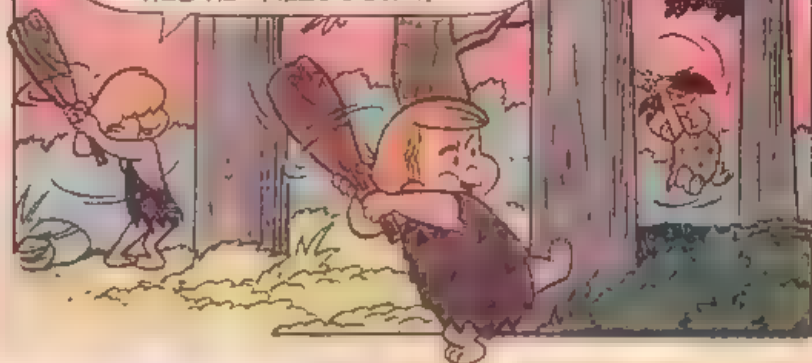




THEN LET'S BRING  
HIS HEAD DOWN TO  
**OUR** LEVEL...



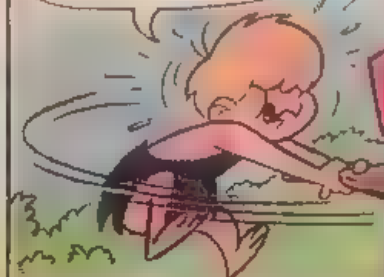
LET'S SMACK HIM ON THE SHINS  
TILL HE FALLS DOWN!



UGH! IF THAT HURT HIM  
AS MUCH AS IT DID **ME**,  
WE'RE WINNING!

UGH!  
SAME  
HERE!

**FONK!**



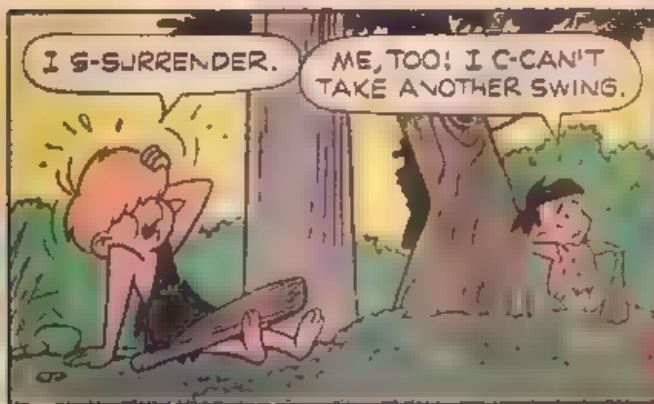
KEEP  
AT IT.

TAKE  
THAT...

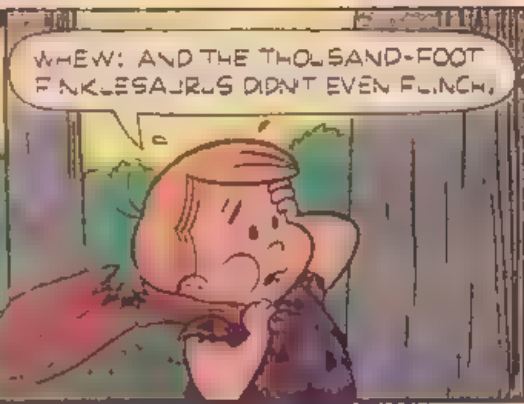
**BOINK!**  
**BONG!**  
**BASH!**  
...AND  
THAT!

I S-SURRENDER.

ME, TOO! I C-CAN'T  
TAKE ANOTHER SWING.

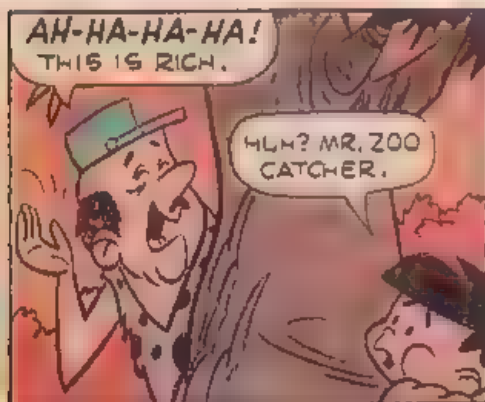


WHEW! AND THE THOUSAND-FOOT  
FINKLESORUS DIDN'T EVEN FLINCH.



**AH-HA-HA-HA!**  
THIS IS RICH.

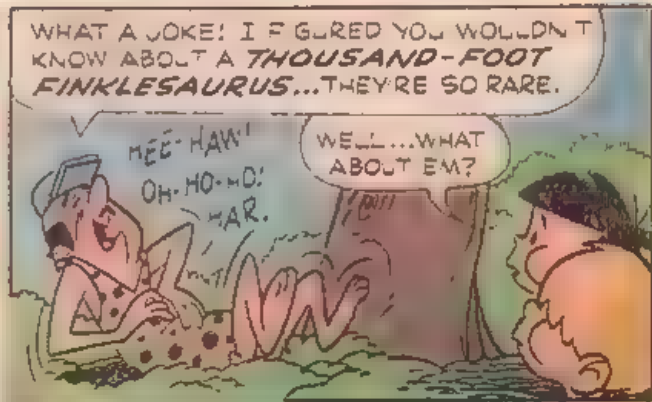
HLN? MR. ZOO  
CATCHER.



WHAT A JOKE! I FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T  
KNOW ABOUT A **THOUSAND-FOOT**  
**FINKLESORUS**...THEY'RE SO RARE.

MEE-HAW!  
OH-HO-HO!  
HAR.

WELL...WHAT  
ABOUT EM?



THAT'S ONE *THERE!* IT'S CALLED A *THOUSAND-FOOT* FINKLESAURUS BECAUSE IT'S SO FLEET OF FOOT THAT NO ONE CAN GET ANY *CLOSER* TO IT THAN A *THOUSAND* FEET!

THEN *WHOSE* BIG SHINS HAVE WE BEEN WARRING AGAINST?

*ZIT!*

SHINS, MY FOOT! HA, HA! THOSE ARE JUST SOME FUNNY OLD TREES! HA, HA!

HE'S RIGHT! LOOK AT THE SAP RUNNING OUT!

B-BUT IF THESE LEGS ARE ONLY *TREES*...SINCE WHEN DO *TREES* *SNORT*?

SNORT!

DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

(SIGH!) WELL, LET'S GIVE UP AND GO HOME!

COME ON, SHEEPY!

WAIT A MINUTE, FELLERS... I'M PLAYING WITH THIS *SAP*!

PAT!  
PAT!

IT'S NOT LIKE OTHER SAPS I KNOW...IT'S *BOUNCY*!



HEH! IT'S JUST ABOUT AS BOUNCY AS THAT  
LITTLE OL' THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS!

HMM...YOU'VE  
GIVEN ME AN  
IDEA, SHEEPY!

LET'S GET LOTS MORE  
OF THIS BOUNCY  
SORTA STUFF!

AND  
SHORTLY...

OH, MR. ZOO CATCHER...*PAY*  
US! WE CAUGHT THAT THOUSAND-  
FOOT *FINKLESAURUS*!

HUH?  
IMPOSSIBLE!

NOPE! IT WAS EASY,  
THANKS TO A NEW  
DISCOVERY WE  
MADE...

WITH THIS *BOUNCY SAP* MOLDED  
AROUND OUR FEET, EVEN A FRISKY  
FELLA LIKE THE THOUSAND-  
FOOT FINKLESAURUS  
COULDN'T ESCAPE US!

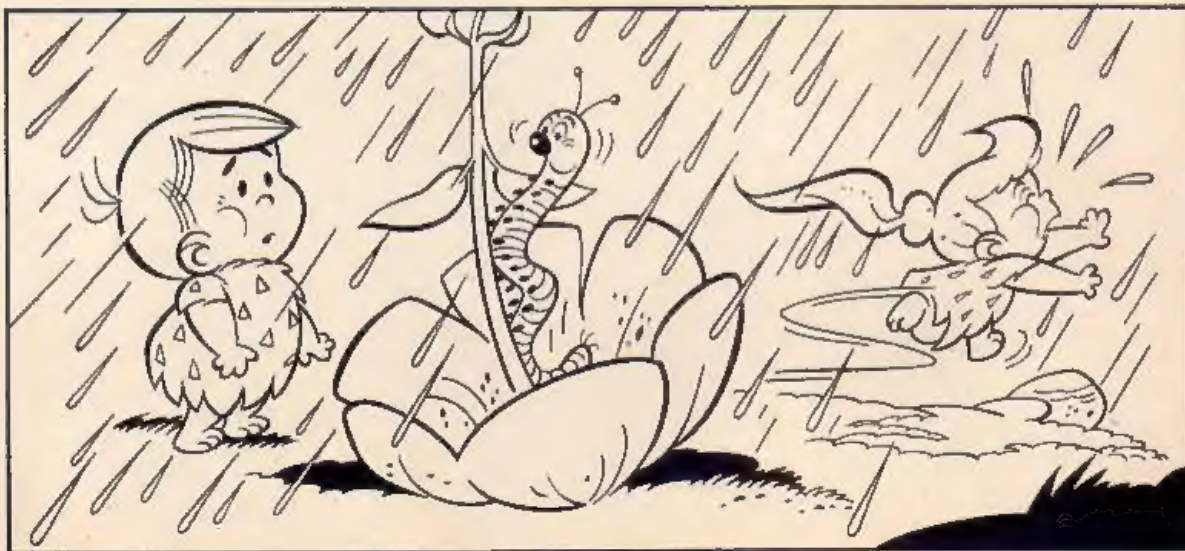
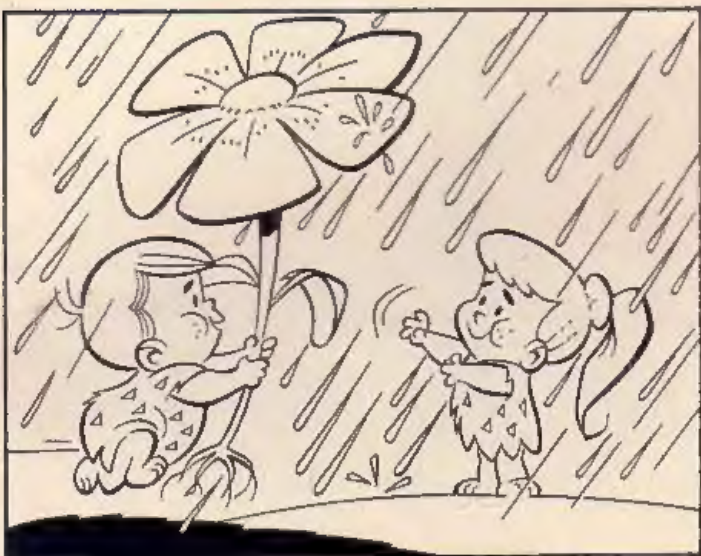
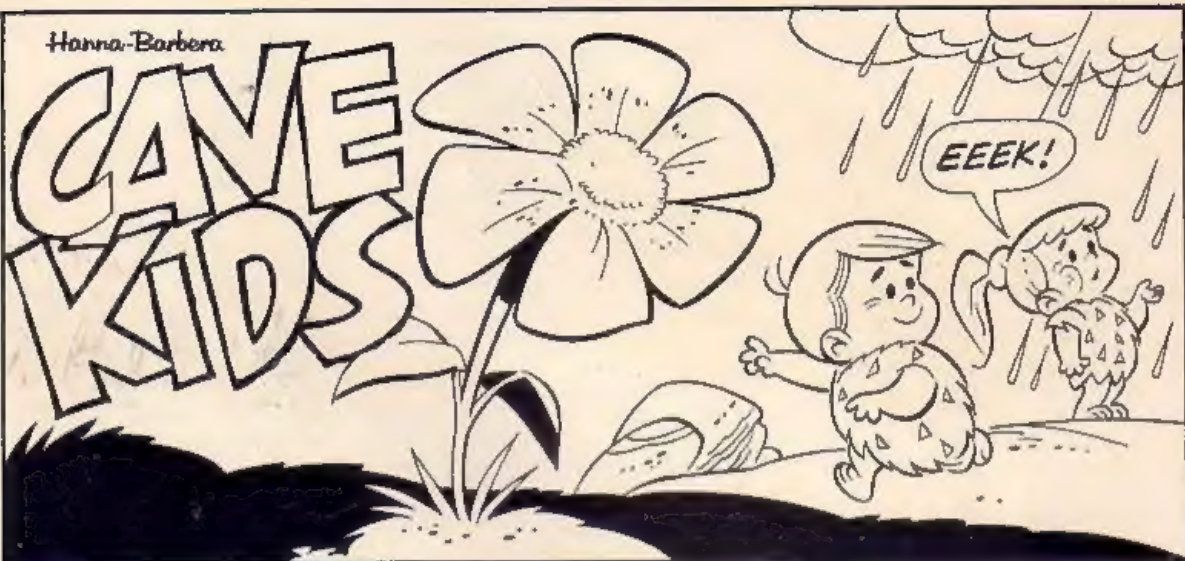
LET'S CALL  
THE STUFF  
*RUBBER*!

AND LET'S CALL  
OUR FOOTWEAR  
*TENNIS*  
*SHOES*!

ZOO



# CAVE KIDS





**GOLD  
KEY  
KEY**

# GOLD KEY COMIC PIX

SET NUMBER 2

**TOP  
CAT**



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**HUCKLEBERRY  
HOUND**



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**WILMA FLINTSTONE**



**YOGI  
BEAR**



© 1964 Hanna-Barbera Productions

**CAVE  
KIDS**



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**GEORGE JETSON**



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**PEBBLES  
FLINTSTONE**



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**FRED  
FLINTSTONE**



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